CANADIAN WRITERS *by Louis Dudek*

THE NATION

OCTOBER 27, 1962 . . 25c

POLITICS OF PERSONALITY

Key Contests in 11 Areas

SPAIN REVISITED

Behind the Tourist Paradise

Alexander Werth

Selling the Desert by Mail

SUNSET YEARS in the CACTUS

Stan Steiner

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
[illegible] STATE COLLEGE

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LETTERS

Forcing Their Hand

Dear Sirs: The issue in Mississippi is, or was at the time of your editorial "Close Ole Miss" [Oct. 6], whether the State of Mississippi would be able to subvert the intention of the court orders ordering the admission of James Meredith to a university education on terms of (outward) equality with the other citizens of his state. You would take that attempt out of the hands of the state and place it with the federal government, and thus deny the very goals sought. Equality of non-education is certainly not better than equality of education, even if the latter is not immediate. . . .

CHARLES S. KAMEN

Chicago, Ill.

We suggested the closing of Ole Miss in order to engender pressures within the state *aimed at forcing Governor Barnett to reopen it under conditions assuring Mr. Meredith's safety on the campus. Thus we shared Mr. Kamen's conviction that the integration of the university is, ultimately, the state's responsibility.*—ED.

Heyerdahl's Theories

Dear Sirs: The "review" by Alfred Sundel of *Archaeology of Easter Island, Vol. I,* in the June 23 issue of *The Nation,* is not a review but an irresponsible diatribe against Thor Heyerdahl, expedition leader and one of five authors of the volume.

Heyerdahl is sole author of only four of the twenty-eight papers in the book! Twenty-three others are individually authored by four qualified archaeologists who were free to choose their own excavations and who independently wrote their reports.

The summation, wrongly credited to Heyerdahl, does not invoke Peru "like a shaman's all-purpose wonder-working cry," but states (page 533) "there is a substantial group of traits and complexes in the Easter Island culture which have wide distribution in Polynesia and have come from one or more of those islands." Possible American contact, based upon numerous parallels, is conservatively stated to be still hypothetical (page 533). Although the reviewer pompously decries lack of linguistic reporting, most people realize that archaeology is concerned with the past. Stone statues and skeletons don't talk!

Concerning Heyerdahl's claimed disinterest in racial matters, your reviewer had only to read page 13! There it states that blood samples for racial genetic studies were flown to the Serum Laboratories in Melbourne. It is elsewhere stated that skeletal material will be reported upon in our subsequent volume.

The intentional omissions, false statements and innuendos of this biased and insidious "review" are invoked in a vain attempt to vilify the integrity of a man with an idea.

Accept or reject his theory, Heyerdahl knows it is only a theory to be proved, modified or rejected. That it shook loose petrified thinking in Polynesian prehistory, and inspired open-minded approaches to the problem, is professionally recognized.

EDWARD N. FERDON, JR. (Associate Director, Arizona State Museum)
CARLYLE S. SMITH (Curator, Division of Anthropology, Museum of Natural History, University of Kansas)

Dear Sirs: The Easter Island expedition —financed by the King of Norway, led by world-famous Thor Heyerdahl (translated into fifty languages)—clearly set out to find proof for Heyerdahl's theory that Polynesia was peopled by American Indians, especially from Peru. But *no pottery or other item of conclusive mainland derivation was found,* although the ancient Peruvians were the world's master ceramists, and ceramics make durable artifacts.

Heyerdahl's 30,000-word summation (the longer of two) is the heart of the book. In it, he roams a third of South America seeking "parallels" to Easter, totally ignoring those that lie along the Malayo-Polynesian migration route that runs through Melanesia. Item: the following traits, found on Easter, are predominant in Melanesia: mortuary heads, humanoid totemism, bird motifs and Negroid characteristics (one carved instance, cf. plate 69).

Linguistic studies cannot be laughed off, for, under current definition, *the Malayo-Polynesian language extends west from Easter to Madagascar—from Pacific-prehistory days!* As Polynesians have been exposed to racial mixture since the sixteenth century, Heyerdahl's blood-type program can prove nothing. A leading Polynesian archaeologist, Dr. R. C. Suggs, has scored the program off as unsound.

Heyerdahl has failed to relate Easter's artifacts to any art styles of the Pacific other than one in Bolivia. This is done à la Rorschach, e.g., he sees a rigid Bolivian motif in a flowing stylization reminiscent of the Papuan Gulf, New Guinea. Neglect of known art styles leads to statements like "Stone statues . . . don't talk!" But they do, my friend. Why else are they dug up?

The expedition's scientists wrote voluminous spadework reports, but their conclusions avoid coming to real conclusions (like Ferdon's noncommittal remarks on p. 533). That privilege was reserved for Heyerdahl, who so stacked the deck as to suggest he is under the sway of an obsession.

New York City ALFRED SUNDEL

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1962
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

'The Loudest Issue'

With the elections less than a month away, *Newsweek* (October 22) sees signs that the "loudest political issue" of the campaign may be Cuba. There are certainly Republicans who would like it to be just that. Searching for a detonating issue, Representative William E. Miller (N.Y.), chairman of the Republican National Committee; Senator Barry Goldwater (Ariz.) and Representative Bob Wilson (Calif.) issued a manifesto on October 16 labeling Cuba the "dominant issue." The three eminent statesmen are willing to forget and forgive the Bay of Pigs fiasco, if only the Administration will now show itself "willing to face reality." The nature of this reality is left safely vague, as is the remedy offered: "a resolute foreign policy that bars any further retreat." At the same time, an equally eminent stateswoman, Hon. Clare Boothe Luce, declares in *Life* that the decision for intervention or nonintervention in Cuba "is the question not only of American prestige but of American survival."

Since everyone favors facing reality, applauds resolution, condemns retreat and wishes America to survive, pronouncements in these terms seem reasonably well designed to catch votes, especially the votes of political jerks which, once the lever has been pulled down, count the same as those of the informed and wise. The question is, however, whether there are enough jerks to make the Cuban issue a rewarding one. Endeavoring to find out how much substance there really was to the Cuban issue, *Newsweek* made an impressionistic survey. Its correspondents in all fifty states went around ringing doorbells, buttonholing passers-by, questioning barbers and telephoning community leaders and nobodies alike. The consensus of some 2,000 such catechisms was at sharp variance with earlier samplings which indicated a warlike mood toward the miscreant Castro. While nearly all were concerned, 90 per cent of the citizens didn't want to invade Cuba now, and there was general confusion as to what could or should be done.

No more favorable to Republican hopes of inflating Cuba into the dominant issue are the results of the current Gallup poll. The Gallup samplers first divided their subjects into two groups: those who believed that war with the Soviet Union would result if we invaded Cuba, and those who thought all-out war unlikely. Fifty-one per cent thought it likely and 12 per cent had no opinion. Of the 51 per cent, only 19 per cent were willing to invade. Even among those who thought all-out war unlikely, only 36 per cent were for invasion.

A majority of voters, then, seem to be showing good sense, and the more good sense they show, the less chance the GOP has of upsetting the apple cart on this particular issue between now and November 6. The voters evidently don't feel that there is a moral compulsion to invade Cuba and restore free enterprise, any more than they felt impelled to overthrow Batista because he was a grafter and gangster. As for the ninety-miles-off-Florida argument, it is beginning to sink in that it is no farther measured from west to east than from east to west. Guantanamo isn't ninety miles *from* Cuba; it is *on* Cuba. The waters around Cuba, and the air above, are swarming with our surface craft and aircraft and submarines, not to speak of the PT-boats of Cuban exiles who are unhindered in shooting up Castro's minions (and even neutral shipping) to express their indignation. Some of the voters may even realize that Castro's hands are not altogether dirty, nor ours altogether clean.

It looks as if Representative Miller and his colleagues will have to do some more prospecting for issues that are not only loud, but sound. And time is running out.

The Long View

Just the same, the Kennedy Administration has a problem on its hands in Cuba; and the solutions, or attempted solutions, will have far-reaching effects on America's and the world's future. The President's current policy is one of improvisation and temporization. He counters the war hawks by enlisting Cuban exiles in the U.S. Armed Forces, provoking Castro militarily, rallying Latin American governments to his standard as far as possible, imposing a *de facto* blockade by boycott and intimidation, and shaking his finger at press conferences. But he avoids any precipitate action of the

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type which miscarried so disastrously at the Bay of Pigs. In short, he has no solution at the moment.

The policy of hostile improvisation may, nevertheless, bring him into trouble even more serious and humilitating than the trouble of April, 1961. What we do voluntarily today may determine, by a process of development, what we are compelled to do tomorrow. Worse, the action of tomorrow may be on a vastly larger scale than the details that led up to it. Policy is not designed like an electronic circuit: it is a complex product of trial and error, thought and passion and blind chance. In the shadowy outlines thus emerging, the future Kennedy policy looks ominous enough.

Two forecasts by experienced observers are at hand. In *The New York Times,* Max Frankel, quoting "authoritative sources" in Washington, reports that "close and occasionally provocative surveillance" of Cuba is being exercised and has met with no resistance from Castro's government. In a tone of regret, these sources note (in Frankel's words) that the Cuban armed forces "have gone to great lengths to avoid any brush with the U.S. aid and sea patrols." According to Frankel (who is indirectly quoting his sources), the surveillance and incursions "have demonstrated not only the cautious conduct of the Cubans and their Soviet advisers, but produced evidence that Dr. Castro himself is moving in ways that betray a fear of assassination." The sources add that, "in any case, military intervention will remain an alternative if the present policy fails." In plain language, Castro is to be brought down by hook or crook.

In the New York *Post,* Eric Sevareid substantially concurs. Our ultimate goal is to bring down the Castro regime, and we should be under no illusion that "Castro is going to give us a pretext for direct invasion by touching Guantanamo or by installing atomic missiles or by any overseas expeditions against Latin countries." Our next step, therefore, is to cooperate in the establishment of a Cuban government-in-exile to carry on propaganda, political warfare and limited military action, such as hampering Russian shipments to Cuba with Cuban-owned and operated (and presumably American-supplied) ships and aircraft. Otherwise, the Castro revolution may spread to Latin America. Rather than endure such calamity, Sevareid is willing to see many Cubans die; they are begging for the right to take that risk.

There are at least four things wrong here. One is that if Mr. Kennedy takes this kind of advice and hostilities reach this level, there will be any number of Latin Americans equally ready to die fighting the counter-revolution. Another is that revolutions are best spread by armed conflict; still another, the fact that much of the rest of the world does not share the United States' counterrevolutionary zeal, as shown by Ben Bella's visit to Castro in meaningful sequence to his meeting with Kennedy. Finally, in an age of revolution, it is smarter to roll with the punches than to mount a crusade against new ideas and new modes of life. The United States, with its wealth and military power, is in a perfect position to follow a policy of accommodation while itself remaining capitalist. Yet Mr. Kennedy may choose the road of folly—may, in fact, already be choosing it.

Bipartisanship on November 6

Despite the paucity of national issues in the current election, the intelligent voter can serve himself and his country by discriminate choice, regardless of party affiliation or lack of it. *The Nation* would suggest the following procedures.

1. In those instances, as in Massachusetts, where peace candidates of the stature of H. Stuart Hughes appear on the ballot, they are the obvious choice. Even if they lose, a large vote for such people will have an impact on both major parties out of all relation to the size of the vote.

2. Where the Democrats have failed to present acceptable candidates, and where there are modern moderate Republicans (as with Rockefeller and Javits in New York State), don't hesitate to vote for the Republicans because (a) it will strengthen the elements in the Republican Party that need to be strengthened and (b) it will rebuke the Democrats for not presenting acceptable candidates.

3. Vote for the ninety or so members of the Democratic Study Group in the House and their counterparts in the Senate — men like Reuss of Wisconsin, Blatnik of Minnesota, Thompson of New Jersey, Kastenmeier of Wisconsin. These are the men who, as Robert G. Spivak points out, "give the party its character and idealism" and who, if their numbers grow, could free the party from the incubus of the Dixiecrats. Since both parties are divided, the obvious tactic is to vote for the better elements in each.

4. Bounce the malefactors in both parties wherever and whenever the opportunity offers itself, as by voting against the avowed Birchers Rousellot and Hiestand in California.

As long as the Democratic Party refuses to purge itself of its Dixiecrats, and the Republican Party is riddled with Capeharts and Hallecks, there is no virtue per se in giving the President "more Democrats" any more than in giving General Eisenhower more Republicans.

Tests and Protests

When the Russians resumed nuclear testing, there was an uproar of indignation which reverberated around the world. When the United States followed suit (after warning that it might take the initiative at any time),

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there was another flare-up, but on a smaller scale. And now almost everyone seems to be resigned to an indefinite continuation of testing, as if it were a phenomenon, like the weather itself, which had to be patiently endured.

Like the weather! Aside from the gradual poisoning of the atmosphere, it may be that nuclear testing, especially at high altitudes, *can* affect the world's weather, and not for the better either. John Davy, the science correspondent of the London *Observer*, mentions a NASA statement which describes the phenomena in the regions beyond the earth's lower atmosphere as "one of the biggest mysteries in the history of mankind," and says of the particles in the earth's radiation belts: "Possibly they have a role in modifying the earth's weather." Yet, although so little is known as yet of what actually goes on in these fields of force, the superpowers do not hesitate to change their characteristics by nuclear detonations. The scientists who plan these experiments may be no more aware of the possible consequences than the early radiologists were of the harm X-rays could do.

The *National Observer* (September 24) is another informed medium which carries some educated speculations on this topic. Dr. Irving P. Krick, president of a private weather forecasting firm in Denver, has noted peculiarities in weather in North America which he thinks may be the result of Russian and American tests in the upper atmosphere. He points out that our weather is determined by the distribution of barometric pressures, which in turn are a response to energy from space, primarily from the sun. The sun's output of energy is variable and this causes variations in the weather. Changes in the high atmosphere can also play a part in altering the energy flow which produces barometric effects. Conceivably, a man-made radiation belt, or an intensification of a natural radiation belt — either of which can be produced by a high-altitude nuclear detonation — can have the same effect as an increase in the output of solar energy.

Last winter, cold waves were more intense and penetrated farther south than would be expected in a period of low solar output, such as we are in now. This summer and fall, hurricane activity in the North Atlantic has been slight, which may be because these surges of cold have disturbed the breeding places of hurricanes in the Caribbean. This is fine (if it is so), but when the solar output rises, as it will later in the decade, the further intensification and spread of cold waves might be extreme.

Dr. Krick thinks we are on the threshold of global weather control, but he adds: "Perhaps we have unwittingly opened the Pandora's Box with these current high altitude explosions." The purpose of these explosions is, of course, purely military, and the latest nightmare is that weather might become a new area of warfare. The scientists who plan these "experiments" have recently been somewhat embarrassed by the unforeseen results of the Johnston Island test in July. Perhaps they should be more nonplussed than they have been, and certainly the rest of us should be less tolerant of ventures based on insufficient knowledge and swollen pretensions.

The Fine Print

On many a campus flags were unfurled and bells rung when university deans, presidents and student editors learned that Congress had approved repeal of the mischievous loyalty oath, required for scholarship awards under the National Defense Education Act (see "'Oathism' on the Campus" by Kevin Sullivan, *The Nation*, December 5, 1959). Some university presidents who had held out against the scholarship program in 1958 because of the hateful oath, promptly announced that their institutions would now participate. It was the alert editors of the Columbia *Spectator* who first spotted the fine print. For while Congress had repealed the oath, it had added three new provisions described by Dr. Mark Peisch, Director of University Admissions and Financial Aid at Columbia, as "most deplorable" and a "step backward." The provisions (1) make it a crime for any member of a "Communist organization" to apply for NDEA aid (Communist organization being defined by the Subversive Activities Control Act); (2) require applicants to list all criminal convictions (including traffic violations) which resulted in fines over $25, but excluding crimes committed before the age of sixteen; and (3) give the NDEA commissioner arbitrary authority to reject "such an award [scholarship]" if he believes the award would not be "in the best interests of the United States." With candor and exactitude, the editors of *Spectator* characterized this quick shuffle of the cards as "a witless practical joke played by both Houses of Congress on enlightened supporters of higher education."

Unhappily the President, who had favored repeal of the oath, last week fell for the "practical joke" and signed the new law. Nevertheless, it is still possible for enlightened university administrators to have the last word. Those institutions of higher learning that held out against the scholarship program in 1958 because of the oath can continue to hold out until the new law is also repealed, or amended. And they could, if they would, urge other colleges and universities to do likewise. Under the pressure of this kind of "sit down" strike, the next Congress might conceivably be persuaded that the Subversive Activities Control Board is not the best judge of which students are deserving of NDEA scholarships.

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POLITICS OF PERSONALITY

In the following pre-election survey, we have tried to select those contests which are of more than local interest because of the personalities and issues involved or because their outcome is likely to affect national policy either immediately or in 1964.—EDITORS.

California

Carey McWilliams

THE MOST expensive — and the noisiest — campaign in California's political history is drawing to a close without having aroused voters to the fever pitch. It would seem to be a rule of modern TV politics that the more expensive a campaign is, the less rank-and-file interest and participation it is likely to arouse. With three-hour (Nixon) and ninety-minute (Brown) telethons, the exhausted viewer-voter apparently feels that there is very little need for him "to talk it up" in neighborhood, shop or office. Then, too, there are really no issues in the California campaign; or, to state it another way, the only issue is Richard M. Nixon. Also big league baseball—the exciting play-off between two California teams and the protracted World Series—has diverted attention.

Essentially the campaign has been a competition in images. The Nixon-Chotiner axis has tried to make it a campaign between Mr. Bright (Nixon) and Mr. Bumble (Brown); the Governor's camp has tried to make it one between the Good Knight (Brown) and Mr. Dirty (Nixon). Given the nature of the one issue—Nixon—the black-and-white stereotypes reflect voter attitudes fairly well. Those who dislike Nixon cannot be moved to vote for him by any tricks, arguments or blandishments, whereas those who have always voted for him—whether even *they* really like him is debatable—cannot be induced to vote for Governor Brown.

On the face of things, Governor Brown must be given a slight edge. The latest polls give him a six-point margin, but Nixon has been edging forward in the last few weeks. The Democrats, of course, enjoy a comfortable margin in registrations, but many voters register as Democrats in California who seldom vote for Democratic nominees, particularly if the nominees are "liberal" or are regarded as such. Republicans, on the other hand, tend to vote a straight ticket. But between the primary on June 8 and the closing of registrations on September 13, 451,182 voters registered, of whom 283,033—approximately 62.8 per cent—registered Democratic and 168,149—approximately 37.2 per cent—registered Republican. Some of these late registrants, of course, were new residents who had just become eligible to vote; but the bulk were probably voters who had suddenly decided to vote on November 6. In a way, these new registrants represent a more significant indication of preference than any of the polls to date. Overall, Republican registration has dropped somewhat since the primary —from 40.18 per cent of the registered vote to 39.88 per cent.

BUT OTHER facts also give the Governor an edge. In this campaign, there have been virtually no defections from the Democratic ranks despite the fact that the Democratic nominees are running separate campaigns. Richard Richards, the Democratic nominee for the Senate, has been a major asset to the Brown campaign. His major contribution has been the remarkable "neutralization" of Republican Senator Kuchel, running to succeed himself. An issue-type politician coached and advised by the astute Paul Ziffren, Richards has pressed Kuchel so hard that a noticeable wedge has been driven between Kuchel and Nixon. When Nixon speaks in Oakland, Kuchel makes it a point to be in El Centro; in fact, on several occasions Kuchel has even managed to suggest that he favors Governor Brown. The influential McClatchy newspapers support Kuchel and Brown.

The incumbent Attorney General, Stanley Mosk, is running a strong campaign, as he always does, and is well ahead of his Republican opponent. He, too, adds strength to the Brown candidacy. Moreover, Governor Brown enjoys the advantage of being an incumbent, the principal practical advantage being access to campaign funds. (Not that Nixon suffers from any lack of funds; his campaign expenditures will, by some estimates, well exceed a million dollars.) While "Big Daddy"—Jess Unruh, the Speaker of the House—has succeeded in annoying the liberal, idealistic rank-and-file members of the Democratic clubs, he has added organizational strength, and funds, to the Brown campaign. (But once the election is over, the feud between Unruh and the clubs will blaze.) Nixon has not made a target of Big Daddy, which is rather odd in view of the fact that Unruh is type-cast for the role of the power-drunk, behind-the-scenes manipulator. Tactically, Nixon has not been effective. He has nothing to offer in the way of a rival program (some of his suggestions have been extremely silly) and his "slashing attacks" on the Brown administration have not slashed very deeply.

The plain fact is that Brown has been a good Governor—better by most accounts than Governor Knight and with more legislative accomplishments in one term than Earl Warren managed to chalk up in three. Brown is a real expert on California issues, Nixon a novice.

In large part because he is the kind of man he is, the Governor has enjoyed a much better press than Democratic nominees usually enjoy in California. He will run very well in the northern part of the state, while Nixon will have a slight edge in Southern California, particularly in San Diego County. But even in Southern California, the big blocs are pro-Brown: labor, the minorities (Negroes, Mexican-Americans, Jews) and the Senior Citizens. Factors which might elect Nixon are: the volatile new voters, some last-minute "emotionalism" tagged to headlines (a blow-up in Cuba or something of the sort), and possible apathy—for, as noted, there is less in-

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terest in the campaign than the noise heard at a distance would indicate.

The biggest "sleeper" factor is the well-timed, last-minute visit of President Kennedy which could add enough momentum to the campaign to elect the entire slate of Democratic nominees for state officers and Richards as well. The "Red scare," which Nixon has used with considerable caution, does not seem to have hurt Brown, Richards or Mosk. But, oddly enough, the so-called Francis amendments (a vicious "anti-Communist" initiative) opposed by Nixon (on technical grounds), by the Los Angeles *Times* and by Brown, are favored by a 4-to-1 margin in the polls.

Predictably, a last-minute Red-baiting gimmick has been injected into the campaign. One cannot prove that the Chotiner-Nixon team authored it, but it is certainly out of their familiar bag of tricks. The first manifestation was the appearance, in suspiciously large numbers, of a booklet entitled, "California: Dynasty of Communism," by Karl Prussion, who has appeared at some of the "anti-Communist" schools. More recently, a rather mysterious organization calling itself the "Committee for the Preservation of the Democratic Party in California" has been raising funds to send out mailings to registered Democrats. The propaganda is all geared to the suggestion that the California Democratic Clubs, with a membership of 60,000, are about to take over the Democratic Party in the state. The smear is aimed at the C.D.C. on the ostensible ground that the organization has refused to erect a specific bar against "Reds"—meaning those accused of being Reds. Reports indicate that as many as a million copies of this poisoned dart will be aimed at registered Democrats between now and November 6.

Governor Brown

In the Congressional races, the Democrats have experienced two bad breaks: the tragic and untimely death of Representative Clem Miller of the First Congressional District and the prolonged illness of Representative D. S. Saund in what is now the Thirty-eighth District. But Democratic incumbents should fare well in other races and the Democrats should win a majority of the new seats.

The West

Roscoe Fleming

Denver

THE less-populated Western states have long been the happy hunting-ground of national politicians who hope to pick up several U.S. Senate seats for the price of one. Excluding huge California, the sixteen westernmost states have less population among them than either New York or California; yet they have 32 Senators. A shift of a few thousand votes is often sufficient to swing a seat.

Although all but three of these states went for Richard Nixon in 1960, their present Senate line-up is 20 Democratic seats against 12 Republican. Because of the deaths of Republican stalwarts Schoeppel of Kansas, Dworshak of Idaho and Case of South Dakota, and the expiration of initial short terms in the new states of Hawaii and Alaska, there are 17 Western seats at stake in all, including that of Senator Kuchel of California. Of these, Democrats now hold 10 and Republicans 7. Election Day will probably see a change of no more than one or two seats in this line-up.

This won't be for lack of trying, however, particularly on the Republican side. Senator Goldwater, as chairman of the GOP Senatorial campaign committee, has named two Democrats, Morse of Oregon and Carroll of Colorado, as special targets. John Carroll, a liberal Democrat with a record of hard if relatively inconspicuous work, has twice run the gauntlet of Republican blows, some of them low. In 1954, he first ran for the Senate and was defeated by a last-minute blitz financed largely by outside oil money; the opposition charged that his House votes showed him to be in league with Moscow. (Murray Chotiner, the well-known Republican hatchetman, is now back in California, and Nixon's got him. But in 1955, Mr. Chotiner, in a long lecture in Washington to a national Republican gathering, pointed to the Carroll defeat in 1954 as a vindication of his craft.)

Carroll's opponent this year is a conservative lawyer named Peter Dominick, who beat the liberal Byron Johnson in a Chotiner-like campaign for the House in Colorado's big Second District in 1960; after one term in that body, he aspires to the Senate. Dominick comes from a family of Wall Street investment bankers. An early poll showed the two running neck-and-neck. Complacency will favor Dominick—particularly if it's on the part of labor, which has always supported Carroll.

Governor Stephen L. R. McNichols (Dem.) of Colorado, one of the nation's abler and more dynamic younger governors, is apparently having the fight of his life against a conservative Colorado Springs lawyer named John A. Love, a political novice somewhat to the Right of Barry Goldwater. The allegation is that Colorado has too much money and that McNichols is spending it too freely (he has been spending it on long-needed educational and institutional programs). A Denver *Post* poll taken about October 1 showed him actually trailing Love, rather badly. But the prospects are even for a McNichols victory.

IN NEIGHBORING Wyoming, circumstances are again peculiar and peculiarly local. In 1960, Wyoming's veteran Joseph T. O'Mahoney (Dem.) retired and Republican Keith Thomson was elected to the U. S. Senate by a large majority. But Thomson died even before be-

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ROSCOE FLEMING is a Denver newspaper man.

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ing sworn in. Governor J. J. Hickey (Dem.) was named to the Senatorial vacancy by his successor as Governor, Secretary of State John B. Gage.

This sort of self-promotion isn't ever particularly popular, and is the chief Republican theme against Senator Hickey, who's running for the remaining four years of the term. His opponent is Milward Simpson, another Goldwater-type Republican. Simpson was Governor from 1954 to 1958, when Hickey defeated him in a ding-dong battle. Now they are facing each other again. Ex-President Eisenhower has enthusiastically endorsed Simpson. If the Republicans gain a seat in the West, this may be the one. And Gage may lose the governorship to Clifford Hansen, a rancher.

In South Dakota, the death of Senator Francis Case (Rep.) might spell Democratic victory. George McGovern, former Congressman and head of Food for Peace, quit the latter job to run for the Senate with President Kennedy's blessing. Now McGovern is confronted by Case's successor by appointment, Joseph Bottum. Here may be one chance for the Democrats to pick up a seat.

In Idaho, Representative Gracie Pfost (Dem.) is challenging former Governor Len Jordan for the seat left vacant by Dworshak's death; and Senator Frank Church (Dem.) who, when elected in 1956, was the youngest U. S. Senator, is running for a second term.

Pennsylvania

James Higgins

York

THE GIST of the matter in this state is that Mellon, Pew (Sun Oil), the Pennsylvania Railroad, Gulf, Scott Paper, steel (U.S., Bethlehem et al.), coal and other assorted interests are investing risk capital to the extent of at least $2.5 million in the campaign of Republican candidate for governor, William Warren Scranton, who is as well-born as his name sounds and very rich besides.

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In Scranton, the Republicans think they have found the means of recapturing the state capital (Harrisburg), where key decisions are made not only about patronage jobs but also about the really important things to industry: enforcement of health and safety laws, the administration of workmen's and unemployment compensation, collection of (and exemptions from) the state sales tax, migrant labor standards, public-utility regulations, minimum wage and so forth. The state Republican finance chairman, Philip Sharples (pronounced Sharp-less, but he's quite the opposite), couldn't have been more frank in his plea to wealthy colleagues at a $1,000-and-up fund-raising dinner in Bedford Springs in early October. He "overcame his embarrassment [at having to talk about cash] and really laid it on the line," as former President Eisenhower, who was guest of honor, remarked. Sharples told the group to measure any contributions by investment standards and advised that the size of the investment would determine whether or not the Republicans would win the top state management posts.

It can be assumed that the choice of candidate Scranton, who is a well-preserved forty-five, Yale and Yale Law, fairly fluent and blessed with an extremely helpful campaign traveling companion, his wife Mary, was in good part dictated by the strength at the head of the Democratic ticket. U.S. Senator Joseph Clark is running for re-election to his second term and Richardson Dilworth, who succeeded Clark as mayor of Philadelphia, for governor. Clark and Dilworth started as a team back in the forties when they took Philadelphia away from a pack of overweight Republican wolves. At the same time they began the political process which converted Pennsylvania from a preserve of the GOP and the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association to a state where registered Democrats now outnumber Republicans by 161,000. (In 1954 the Republicans had an edge of almost a million.)

Both Clark and Dilworth are as well-born as Scranton and similarly educated. Dilworth is Yale and Yale Law; Clark, Harvard and Harvard Law. And though not multimillionaires like Scranton, they are sufficiently well-heeled to afford the risks of politics. The difference between them and Scranton is that early in the game they began to think for themselves about political and social problems, stepped out of their families' traditional Republicanism and became active liberal reform Democrats.

Dilworth, like Clark, is an intelligent man who means and knows what he says when he talks about the public interest. For the past few months he has been roving Pennsylvania, alternating between serious exposition of the issues—industrial development, natural-resources development, urban renewal, school-district reorganization, an expanded mental-health program—and sardonic references to the immaturity and political innocence of his opponent, whom he often calls Little Lord Fauntleroy. Most recently Dilworth has been reiterating his conviction that Scranton is strictly the delegate of Pennsylvania industry and finance.

Whether the voters think so remains to be seen. If they don't, it will be partly because Scranton has appeal as a nice young fellow who would never be false to his Boy Scout oath no matter how fierce the temptation. The Republican candidate has things other than personality going for him, however, chief among them the so far unexplained unpopularity of Governor Lawrence, who has run a conservative administration, managing to balance the budget mainly by raising the sales tax to 4 per cent and by holding the line on appropriation requests. He is neither condemned for the sales-tax rise nor applauded for budget balancing. Those who dislike Lawrence do so, it seems, because they feel they never got to know him as Governor. He has projected poorly.

Another Scranton advantage is the press, especially the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (morning) and *Bulletin* (evening) which have blown up out of all proportion the symptoms of bribery and corruption in the lower echelons of the Dilworth administration in Philadelphia. Publishers and editors really know, I would think, that in Clark and Dilworth, Philadelphia has had mayors of the

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highest rank in honesty and administrators of a caliber few cities can match.

Nobody appears to be willing to guess who the unemployed, of whom there are 350,000 in Pennsylvania, will blame for their plight. Reporters traveling with the candidates tell me that in the southwest corner of the state, its most distressed area where coal and coal miners are no longer in demand, the unemployed feel Lawrence has let them down, but have no confidence in Dilworth or Scranton to do better. An incursion by President Kennedy in mid-October may have helped the Democrats. (He carried the section by about 166,000 votes in 1960.) And it's worth noting that Mr. Kennedy, who originally planned only one trip into Pennsylvania, decided to make three.

I have not mentioned Clark's opponent, Rep. James Van Zandt, an oversight for which my unconscious is no doubt responsible. The state AFL-CIO has dubbed him the "Admiral from Altoona," the implication being that Van Zandt, once commander in chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, is a professional patriot. That he is. His campaign has been almost exclusively devoted to calling Clark names in the scatter-fire fashion associated with the late Senator McCarthy and the current candidate for governor of California, Richard Nixon. Many hope and expect that next month he will be retired from politics.

New Hampshire

William S. Ellis

Concord

FOR THE FIRST time in thirty years, state Democratic leaders are confident that their slate of candidates for major office includes a winner, maybe two. Through an endless series of intra-party feuds following the death last November of Senator Styles Bridges, the Republicans themselves have chipped way at their own unity and strength until all that remains is a shattered and spite-filled legacy of the late Mahatma of state Republicanism.

Leading what is perhaps the strongest Democratic ticket ever drawn up in the state is gubernatorial candidate John W. King, popular Manchester attorney and minority leader in the state House of Representatives. Opposing him is bull-voiced John Pillsbury, former paid lobbyist for an electric utility. Democratic candidates for the two U.S. Senate vacancies — one for Bridges' unexpired four-year term and the other for a full six years — are Thomas J. McIntyre and Alfred Catalfo, Jr. In public, leaders of the Democratic challenge proclaim that all three of their candidates will be elected on November 6. Among themselves, however, they say they believe King has a slight edge over Pillsbury, while McIntyre has about a fifty-fifty chance of defeating Congressman Perkins Bass for the four-year term. Catalfo, they concede, will not win out over veteran GOP Senator Norris Cotton. Democratic nominees for the two Congressional seats are given little chance.

The most important figure in New Hampshire politics is not a candidate on either ticket. He is the present Republican Governor, Wesley Powell, a man who was so certain that he would one day be elected President that he kept a rocking chair in his office. Powell was defeated by Pillsbury in the primary. He now charges that he was the victim of "the dirtiest and most dishonest Republican gubernatorial primary contest conducted in the modern history of New Hampshire." Last week, not unexpectedly, he threw his support to King, the Democrat—a move that could count for as many as 40,000 votes, since he still has a loyal following in the state.

Further weakening the GOP are the efforts of Mrs. Doloris Bridges, widow of the late Senator, to have the courts disqualify Bass from the race. She was defeated by Bass in the primary, but now she charges that he exceeded the statutory limit of $25,000 for primary campaign expenditures. And then, of course, Mrs. Bridges is angry at Powell for not giving her the interim Senate appointment following the death of her husband.

There has always been a segment of the GOP here with a liberal tradition. Down through the years it has been responsible for electing such men as Charles W. Tobey to the U.S. Senate. Many members of this faction regard themselves as Democrats but, for the sake of convenience during the years when Bridges was dispensing favors, registered as Republicans. Now, with nothing to be gained from a continued association of that type, these voters are likely to switch to the party more closely aligned to their ideas.

If there were any doubts here about the new strength of the Democrats this year, they were dispelled on September 27 when the Portsmouth *Herald*, a paper with normally Republican leanings, came out in support of King for Governor and McIntyre for Senator. "If the Republican Party wants to preserve its political dominance of New Hampshire," said the *Herald*, "it had better start catching up with the times and living with reality."

Issues are not of great importance in this campaign. Personality is what counts, and even here, where Republicanism is still deeply stained with Old Guard gray, President Kennedy rates high in that department. And the President has indicated he may come here to give the Democratic slate a boost.

WILLIAM S. ELLIS is a former New England newspaper man.

Michigan

B. J. Widick

Detroit

GEORGE ROMNEY'S unorthodox campaign methods and maverick personality have given Michigan's gubernatorial campaign a fresh excitement and is leaving an imprint on this state's politics that will survive the outcome of November's race.

Many signs point to the conclusion that the big upset of the race for governor would be the re-election of the incumbent, Governor John B. Swainson.

Although Romney has the ardent

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backing of the business and auto-industry community, he has projected an image of a fighting independent, a Johnny-Come-Lately in the Republican Party, who can break the deadlock in the state legislature and "move Michigan ahead." At least he has convinced enough voters of this image to make his chances of victory very good.

Six months ago, an authoritative poll reported that Governor John B. Swainson would get about 50 per cent of the vote, Romney 42 per cent (with the rest undecided). Now the same poll gives Romney a slight lead. Samuel Lubell reported on October 2 that one out of every five Democrats who had voted for Governor Swainson were switching to Romney. Lubell suggested a "sizable" to a "spectacular" triumph as possible for Romney.

The real bad news for the Democrats came recently from the publication of a confidential poll by Lou Harris. Harris informed the power elite of the Democratic Party that Romney was ahead 53 to 47 per cent, which means a victory for Romney of about 195,000 votes — an astonishing figure. No wonder that another visit from Kennedy, and the whole battery of effective Democratic party spokesmen, is planned for Michigan.

What has Romney done to generate such excitement? One small example occurred on October 12. The Detroit *News* carried this story: "Smarting under what he called 'international union dictation,' a UAW local president has broken ranks to campaign openly for Republican George Romney. The rebellion by Warren Creekmore, who heads the 500-plus-member Local 280 at Continental Motors here, was believed to be the first by a UAW local president." Creekmore explained his shift: "I was satisfied that his position would be good for labor." One of the Romney circulars Creekmore is distributing now quotes UAW President Walter P. Reuther as praising the American Motors Contract as "perhaps the most significant and the most historic collective bargaining agreement that has ever been written in the United States." (In *The Nation* of February 3, 1962, I pointed out that the UAW-AMC contract and the high praise Romney received at that time would be fully exploited by Romney.) Basic to Romney's strategy is an attempt to divide the labor rank and file from the union hierarchy. He has received so much mileage from his shrewd tactics that there has been a recent change in Democratic Party policy. Romney is now being invited to many union meetings to speak.

How do you run as a Republican without looking like one? Romney does this by having his own political machine and his own publicity; he is boss of his own campaign. His theme is that Big Business ran Michigan through the Republican Party, and now labor runs it through the Democratic Party. He denounces extremism. Romney is for a citizens' party. Even before the Economic club of Detroit, in a debate with Governor Swainson, Romney blandly used this theme while the rich Republicans applauded him. They know that "George's eccentricities" are vote getters.

Romney pounds away at another theme. "I know I can straighten out the financial mess in Michigan, if you give me a chance. I took over a company that was broke, and I made it succeed." It may be a *non sequitur* and corny, but it is effective politics. "Romney-for-Jobs" signs are everywhere. What's a better way to have a good business climate than to have a business man as governor? he asks.

George Romney

How do you handle the John Birch Society in the Republican Party? At the state Republican convention, Romney worked the delegates into a fever pitch with his evangelist tone and his blasts at Gus Scholle, the tough-minded AFL-CIO state council president and a favorite whipping boy of the Republicans. With the applause still going strong, Romney returned to the stage to denounce the Birchers to their faces, repudiating their philosophy. Robert Welch issued a blast at Romney for this speech, and thus the Democrats haven't been able to make an effective issue of the question.

The real weakness in Romney's campaign has been his inability to crack the solid Negro Democratic front up to this point. But he keeps trying, and the Democrats recently gave him an opening. In the first Swainson-Romney public debate on TV, the Governor said "You've never had it so good as under my administration." He quoted statistics to show that more business was coming to Michigan than leaving, and that unemployment was at the lowest in years. Romney responded with his own set of figures to show that over 300,000 have left the work force since a high in 1956; jobs were an issue, he insisted. Two hours later, Chet Huntley had a vivid half-hour show depicting the plight of the hard-core unemployed in Detroit—most of whom are Negroes.

Romney the Republican talks about jobs and Swainson the Democrat talks about a prosperous state — that's the topsy-turvy campaign in Michigan. How does one distinguish a Republican who talks like a Democrat from a Democrat who sounds at the moment like a Republican? Romney has indeed upset the *status quo* in Michigan politics.

The stakes here are high. People speculate about a Rockefeller-Romney ticket in 1964. They ask what happens to labor in politics if Walter Reuther's political machine can't deliver the votes the Democrats usually expect. Only the Negro community can't lose; it is being courted by both sides.

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Texas

Willie Morris

Austin

THIS IS Texas' first general election since Reconstruction in which a Republican nominee for governor is a serious mathematical threat. The race between Democrat John Connally, the former Navy Secretary and Lyndon Johnson protégé, and Goldwater Republican Jack Cox has overshadowed the Congressional elections in a state where November voting for Congress has seldom had much significance. The Connally-Cox battle is one of imponderables. Two-party in national elections and tentatively moving in that direction on the state level, Texas has never voted heavily in non-Presidential years. The November turnout has traditionally been light — around 800,000. A small vote this time, in the old tradition of one-party politics, could make this a considerably closer election than many are predicting. Texas Democrats simply aren't accustomed to the idea of Texas Republicans, and the Republicans are anxious and well organized.

Connally, however, is the clear favorite. Since his close victory over New Frontiersman Don Yarborough in the party primaries last June, he has made a determined effort to patch up the warring factions in the state Democratic Party, a party which ranges from the farthest reaches of the American Right to Kennedy liberalism. The hard right-wing of the Democrats, whom Democratic liberals in Texas would hope to see switch their allegiance to the GOP to realign the Democratic Party leftward, seem satisfied, by and large, with Connally's campaign statements and his conservative platform. Again, for the first time in modern Texas politics, the two platforms have become part of the campaign dialogue, and on controversial issues like taxation, economy, oil and gas the Democratic and GOP documents are barely distinguishable. It was indicative of Connally's concern with discontent among party conservatives that in the state Democratic convention, which he closely controlled, there was no mention of the Kennedy Administration, and a resolution praising the goals of the New Frontier was not allowed to reach the floor.

Connally's tactics in appeasing the conservative wing have not, of course, helped him with the liberals, who gave Yarborough 49 per cent of the vote in the Democratic primaries. PASO, the political organization of Mexican-Americans, withdrew an earlier tentative endorsement of Connally because of his reluctance to uphold the national Administration and because he has not explained the details of a "voter registration law" which he advocates in place of the state poll tax. Organized labor, however, after threats of defection or a neutral position, has just re-endorsed Connally, albeit reluctantly.

Republican Cox will get some liberal votes and benefit further from a liberal boycott of both candidates in some areas, but support from the Left of the Democratic Party will fall far short of that given GOP Senator John Tower against Dixiecrat William Blakley in 1961. The state Republican convention, moreover, displayed its extreme conservatism by adopting *in toto* Tower's "eight points for conservatives," which included "complete and clear-cut victory over communism," States' rights, a labor antitrust law, a free farm market without controls, the selling of government businesses that compete with free enterprise, opposition to the trade bill, taxation of cooperatives the same as private corporations, and a mandatory balanced budget. Besides endorsing Goldwater for President in 1964, the Texas Republicans also favored "resignation from the UN" and have been publicly advocating something close to an immediate American invasion of Cuba.

Connally's election, in the national context, would help Kennedy in Texas in 1964. (After going for Eisenhower in both 1952 and 1956, the state supported Kennedy-Johnson by a tight margin of 43,000 votes in 1960.) It would place in the state house a moderately conservative ally of Vice President Johnson not inclined to vocal support of specific New Frontier issues but loyal, in a circumspect way, to the national party. The election of Cox would furnish Kennedy with another articulate and hard-hitting GOP foe on every imaginable issue.

There are no Senate races this year. In the Congressional elections, Texas' conservative-moderate dominated delegation will remain generally the same in terms of votes, no matter how the Republicans fare. All 22 incumbents in the House—21 Democrats and Republican Bruce Alger of Dallas—were renominated in the primaries this summer. The GOP, which ran a mere 5 candidates for Congress two years ago, have 17 this time. In addition to Alger, who is favored for re-election in Dallas, Republican candidates are considered major threats in three races, and GOP aspirants are waging vigorous fights in several other constituencies where general elections in the past have been little more than minor formalities.

All things considered, the Republicans may pick up a few new Congressional seats—and, if they do, they will vote very much like their Democratic predecessors.

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Kentucky

Jack Ayer

Louisville

KENTUCKY voters will perform an invaluable service next Election Day for the virtuosi who design scientifically planned political campaigns. The principal contest here is the U.S. Senate campaign between Senator Thruston B. Morton, Republican incumbent, and Lt. Gov. Wilson W. Wyatt, Democrat. The two men are staging, with almost laboratory perfection, what any experienced planners would have to call a model campaign.

The model begins with the candidates themselves. Both Wyatt and Morton have a sort of symbolic significance among members of their own parties nation-wide: Morton was Republican National Chairman through the Nixon campaign; Wyatt was first chairman of Americans for

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Democratic Action in the 1940s, shortly after World War II. Both men are from Louisville, which eliminates the city-versus-country conflict that mars so many Kentucky campaigns. Both have substantial and reasonably well-united party organizations behind them, with extra balance being provided by the fact that the Democrats' is more substantial and the Republicans' better united.

The test-tube character of the race is even more evident in strategy. In the case of Wyatt, this means that he is firmly attaching himself to the Kennedy coattails. He is hammering away at the record of "obstructionists" in the past session of Congress —a term defined to include his opponent. He has taken newspaper ads to pledge his support for medicare, and he has used space in an equal-rights pamphlet to stress his support for a Department of Urban Affairs under Robert Weaver. He has been frank to assert that a Democrat in Washington can get more boodle for the electorate than a Republican. On local issues, Wyatt again typifies Democratic Party strategy with his use of the "drift-versus-mastery," or "get-Kentucky-moving-forward-again," approach to campaigning.

Morton, for his part, is making extensive use of some of the sturdiest wheelhorses in the Republican campaign stable. He has been blasting Wyatt for his early and intimate association with the "radical" A.D.A. —a topic which gets added piquancy from the fact that probably not one Kentuckian in ten has ever met an A.D.A. member. Morton also has been criticizing the alleged appetite for power of the Kennedy regime. Interestingly, Morton said earlier in the summer that he did not expect either of these items to be at issue this fall. He says now that it was the press of public concern for these matters that led him to change his plans.

There are still a few non-test-tube, or situational, factors left in this campaign. For one, the Kentucky electorate is still its normal fractious, contradictory self. In general, this would appear to be a point for Wyatt, since Democrats have resoundingly out-registered and out-organized the GOP in every county. Also, the desperate poverty of the Appalachians has turned up some pockets of Democratic support in areas that are traditionally Republican. Favoring the GOP is the fact that rural voters in the Bluegrass and in West Central Kentucky have an instinctive conservatism that may oughtweigh their partisan loyalty to the Democrats. The Republicans last year captured Louisville City Hall for the first time in a generation, giving them a new vigor in the state's largest voting center. Also, Morton is apparently a supremely effective television personality.

Morton apparently will carry the larger cities. Whether Wyatt can undercut him in the country remains to be seen. The candidates are so well matched in objectively measurable attributes that a clear-cut victory for either will say much about the comparative effectiveness of major-party national strategy this year.

Midwest

Irving Dilliard

Chicago

IF THE REPUBLICANS are going to gain seats in the Senate to point their party more hopefully toward 1964, they will have to do it in some other part of the country than the Midwest. At the same time, if the Kennedy Democrats are to add to their present Senate strength so as to reduce the force of the Dixiecrat-Republican Old Guard combine, there is no riper place this year than the Upper Mississippi-Ohio Valley.

Omitting Michigan and Minnesota, which do not elect Senators in 1962, here are six Midwestern states and the names and parties of the Senators whose seats are at stake: *Ohio,* Frank J. Lausche (Dem.); *Indiana,* Homer E. Capehart (Rep.); *Illinois,* Everett McKinley Dirksen (Rep.); *Missouri,* Edward V. Long (Dem.); *Iowa,* Bourke B. Hickenlooper (Rep.); *Wisconsin,* Alexander Wiley (Rep.).

This list affords some fairly reliable, quick conclusions. First, the Republicans are not going to win the Ohio seat now held by the long-time, popular Governor, Frank J. Lausche. Second, almost no one really expects Senator Edward V. Long to lose his bid for a full term in Missouri. So, if the Republicans are not going to unseat either Lausche or Long, they must re-elect all their Midwest incumbents merely to hold their own in this region.

In Illinois, the GOP's Senate leader, Everett McKinley Dirksen, is being aggressively challenged by Representative Sidney R. Yates of the Ninth Illinois (Chicago) District. Both Dirksen and Yates are vigorous campaigners, but Yates is only fifty-three, Dirksen nearly sixty-seven. Yates, a seven-term veteran, began with the handicap of being a Chicagoan (Dirksen's home is the Illinois River city of Pekin near Peoria) in an election contest which finds the hold-over Senator, Democrat Paul Douglas, is also from Chicago. But Yates has a winning way on the courthouse squares of the downstate county seats and at the chicken-and-sausage suppers and fish fries that abound in rural Illinois. More than that, through Yates's downstate swings the voters of Illinois are becoming familiar with Dirksen's voting record for pretty much the first time. (The press has been largely pro-Dirksen and so has done little to underscore the arch-conservatism of his performance.) Yates is telling audiences all over the state about Dirksen's record on the Kefauver drug bill, medicare, rural electricity, social security, minimum wages, distressed-area redevelopment, retraining, aid to education, and so on.

The impression that many Republicans tried to cultivate during the spring and summer, namely, that the White House privately wanted Dirksen to win because he was a generally agreeable minority leader, is out the window. Almost immediately after Congress adjourned, President Kennedy made a mid-October foray through Illinois pumping for the Democratic ticket.

Six years ago, Eisenhower carried Illinois by more than 800,000; Dirksen, though winning, ran 500,000 votes behind Eisenhower. This year Dirksen will not have the General to roll up so many straight Republican ballots; he will be on his own.

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In 1950, he ousted Scott W. Lucas, then Democratic Senate Leader; he must wonder, now, if the tables are about to be turned. Hardly any contest in the country more clearly typifies the struggle between the new and the old, between the progressive and the reactionary, than the Dirksen-Yates race.

IN WISCONSIN, Senior Republican Senator Wiley at seventy-eight is not far from twice the age of his Democratic opponent, Governor Gaylord Nelson. It used to be that Wiley was under attack from the McCarthyites and other political antedeluvians in Wisconsin; this year he and his old Republican opponents are in mutual embrace as liberal Nelson tells the score on Wiley much as Yates is doing on Dirksen. The Governor, an appealing figure, is the first Democrat ever to be re-elected to the office of chief executive in Wisconsin. How much controversial state issues, such as a sales tax, will carry over into the Senate race is anyone's guess.

Two other high-ranking Republicans are defending their Senate seats: Bourke B. Hickenlooper of Iowa and Homer E. Capehart of Indiana. Both are minority members of the important Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Since Hickenlooper, who seeks a fourth term, was last re-elected, Iowa has sent Republican Jack Miller to the Senate. But Indiana voted Democrat Vance Hartke to the Senate seat of William E. Jenner in 1958 after giving Capehart his third term in 1956.

Cigar-chomper Capehart may not be as popular among fellow Hoosiers as in other years. He is demanding that the United States invade Cuba, while his opponent, thirty-four-year-old Birch Evan Bayh, Jr., is pointing out to Indiana voters that this would mean a war involving many thousands of men and casualties. Capehart, like Jenner, has condemned the Democratic Party as a "war party" election after election, and it is strange now to hear him in this "blockade Cuba — invade Cuba" refrain. Young though he is, Bayh has had considerable political experience in the Indiana Legislature. He campaigns around the clock and has already covered more than 100,000 miles of Indiana territory. Under this kind of assault, Capehart is running more frightened than ever before.

Regardless of how the races for the House of Representatives go, one thing is certain: the Midwest will have fewer seats when Congress meets in January. Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota have each lost a seat to reapportionment. The attendant combining of districts makes it difficult to foresee some election results. The traditional midterm swing-back could affect some of these House races and maybe a governorship or two, but the Republicans will have to look elsewhere if they are going to cut down that 2-to-1 Democratic lead in the United States Senate.

New York

James Desmond

Albany

THE gerrymander of New York's Congressional districts that the Republican majority steamrollered through the Legislature at a special session last fall guarantees that President Kennedy will lose ground here. In cutting the state's districts from 43 to 41, as necessitated by the 1960 census, the Republicans managed to protect every one of their existing 21 "safe" seats while acquiring at least two more "safe" seats and very probably acquiring an additional two seats. That would shift the Congressional alignment from the present 22 Democrats and 21 Republicans to 25 Republicans and 16 Democrats.

The Republican map-makers were ruthless in drawing the new district lines. They erased two Democratic districts in Manhattan and one in Brooklyn—districts they could never hope to win — and took advantage of the retirement of John Taber, the veteran GOP budget-hatchet man, to reshape his district in order to get rid of Representative Samuel Stratton, a recent hopeful for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination.

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This process preserved all the "safe" Republican seats. But the Legislature went beyond that. On Long Island, it created new districts in Nassau and Suffolk Counties to guarantee the GOP a pickup of two seats. And at the same time, it cut up the First Congressional District in Suffolk County, now represented by Democrat Otis E. Pike, so drastically that Pike has only the slimmest of chances for survival. In addition, the GOP eliminated the Twelfth District in Brooklyn (which it lost a couple of years ago), to come up with a new map that is almost guaranteed to freeze out Democrat Hugh L. Carey.

On the basis of the gerrymander alone, the Republican pickup of four seats would seem assured. But there is always the human element. And that could, just possibly, save a couple of seats for the Democrats.

This arises because Representative Paul A. Fino, the Bronx Republican who proposes to solve the country's ills with a national lottery, may have overreached himself by using his power as county leader to pressure the Legislative Reapportionment Committee into transferring Jewish-dominated election districts out of his bailiwick into the adjoining district of Representative Charles Buckley, the Bronx Democratic boss. In the transfer, Fino picked up a few districts of Italian-American voters. But in the curious shifts in politics, Democratic Congressman Alfred E. Santangelo, displaced from his East Harlem Eighteenth Congressional District when it was eliminated in redistricting, has moved across the East River into the Bronx and is now the Democratic nominee against Fino. Solidly connected in the Italian-American community, Santangelo could just possibly grab the new election districts, and the election, from Fino.

Upstate, the GOP may have outsmarted itself by submerging Sam Stratton's old Thirty-second District in the creation of the new Thirty-fifth. On paper, the new district should be safely Republican. But a bitter intra-party fight in the primary, which resulted in the nomination of State Senator Janet Hill Gordon as the GOP candidate for Con-

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gress, has left lasting scars. Up to now, her primary opponent, Assemblyman Robert Quigley, has refused to endorse Mrs. Gordon. Normally, this wouldn't be too important, given the character of the region. But Mrs. Gordon's opponent is the same Sam Stratton the Republicans sought to bury, and in anybody's league he is formidable. A maverick Democrat, little liked by the upstate bosses who spiked his gubernatorial ambitions, Stratton is a personable, effective campaigner.

ONE CURIOUS aspect of the Congressional elections is that the Conservative Party, recently put together for the prime purpose of opposing Governor Rockefeller and Senator Jacob K. Javits (although it has filed nominations for other state-wide offices) is nowhere rated as a factor. No Republican Congressional candidate so far has given them so much as a nod. But while Congressmen may not have to worry about them, Senator Javits could find them a real stumbling block.

Never popular with upstate Republicans, Javits got his first statewide nomination for State Attorney General from a dispirited GOP convention in 1954 chiefly because it was figured that Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., would swamp him as his Democratic opposite number. (A largely Catholic uprising against Roosevelt, totally unexpected at convention time, made him the only Democratic loser that year.) And after being nominated for Senator at a closed state committee meeting in 1956, Javits trailed nearly 1,200,000 votes behind President Eisenhower in the state and lost New York City by about 400,000 votes more than did Eisenhower.

This arithmetic has encouraged anti-Javits Republican elements in this election. Mindful that the Governor is insisting on his "team," and embraces Javits as a member of the team, GOP leaders are carefully avoiding any public display of anti-Javits sentiment. Yet in off-the-record talks in county after county they predict the Senator will get his throat cut.

How bad the throat-cutting will be is anybody's guess. Right now Rockefeller looks like a winner big enough to carry the entire ticket with him. But if any significant number of recalcitrants should decide to use the Conservative Party to punish Javits, he could be badly hurt. The odds, however, appear to favor him.

On this basis, it is clear that the New Frontier isn't going to make any positive gains in New York. The new Congressional line-up has to be figured at 25 Republicans and 16 Democrats, barring the aforesaid upsets. And it remains a question whether President Kennedy would be a net winner if throat-cutting should give him a James Donovan in the Senate instead of Javits, considering the latter's voting record.

Florida

Nathan Perlmutter

Miami

ALL INDICATIONS point to still another Harvard line man on the team the New Frontier will field in November. This one's roots go back to an unlikely place called Dudleyville in, of all places, Alabama; and Harvard Law School alumnus though he is, he's better known around Florida crackerbarrels than on the Boston Common. Former U.S. Senator Claude Pepper, FDR's quarterback for Lend Lease legislation and broken-field runner for a variety of New Deal proposals, is seeking the new Congressional seat from Dade County's (Miami) Third District.

Pepper's road back to Washington has been a long time unwinding. His seat in the upper House collapsed from under him in 1950, when his protégé, Senator George Smathers, bested him. The major issue then was Pepper's alleged tolerance of communism. The same issue, crossbred with the race issue, crumbled Pepper's subsequent comeback attempt against Senator Spessard Holland. Now, in his bid for one of the new House seats created by the 1960 census, the "Red Pepper" innuendos are nowhere — well, almost nowhere — to be heard. The absence of these charges, due mainly to their by now tired and tiring nature, plus the fact that he is facing a Republican, suggests that the sixty-two-year-old veteran campaigner will shortly be U.S. Representative Claude Pepper.

Seligson

Claude Pepper

The crystal ball wasn't nearly so clear during the Democratic primaries. His major opponents included a popular state senator and an incumbent county commissioner. Indeed, the former was a member of the state legislature's redistricting committee which had artfully carved District Three so as to lop off a goodly chunk of Miami Beach — strong Pepper country. In addition, both Miami dailies threw their support to the state senator. But the doughty liberal ran out front, stayed there and, by amassing a clear majority of the votes, avoided a run-off.

His victory was a surprising upset — perhaps the biggest in many a moon over Miami. Those given to post-mortem analysis attributed it in part to Dade County's extraordinary population growth in recent years. The new Congressional district is home to half a million people. A goodly number of these come from other states — many from Northern, metropolitan areas. The name Claude Pepper was known to them back there where they came from. Pepper himself stressed his association with the Roosevelt years. On the morning after, it appeared that both the familiarity of the Senator's name and its evocation of New Deal memories had been underestimated.

But there was something else in

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the ingredients of his victory: medicare. In the absence of the Communist issue, this deeply felt, personal issue pre-empted the forum. Up and down, across and around the Congressional district, Claude Pepper vowed to support President Kennedy's medicare program. North Dade County, Eden to thousands of senior citizens, has a number of organizations dedicated to their interests. In the ranks behind senior citizens are junior citizens and among all their relations are sophomore citizens — and they all vote. As a result, Robert A. Peterson, the Republican candidate who prevailed in his own primary campaign over an avowed member of the John Birch Society and over an activist in the rightist National Indignation Convention, is promising "Medicare for Senior Citizens" — through, to be sure, "private enterprise."

WERE it not for the physical proximity of Cuba, the Pepper-Peterson race may well have had all of the drama of a foregone conclusion. Robert Peterson, however, a Miami Beach lawyer and former FBI agent, recently noted (as indeed, even noncartographers are increasingly wont to do) that Cuba is but ninety miles from our shores. He promptly called for immediate recognition of a Cuban government in exile and for "a strict total embargo against Cuba." He warned that if the United States stands idly by, "South Florida might become the Pearl Harbor of the 1960s."

The issue held out promise of enlivening the campaign until Pepper, a former member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, vigorously retorted, "Me, too." A week following Peterson's proposals, Claude Pepper called for a naval and air blockade to halt the Soviet arms build-up in Cuba. Like Mr. Peterson, Senator Pepper declared foursquare for the Monroe Doctrine. That was that.

The other issues — "individual liberty" and "limited government" in Peterson's platform, and bringing "industries," "tourists" and "salaries" to Dade County, in Pepper's platform — are largely confined to campaign-headquarters throwaways and penny-saver envelope stuffers. They haven't caught fire.

The race issue, like the "Red Pepper" issue, has lost — in Miami, at least — its sting. The South's one-party system, which has churned up some loyal and some not-so-loyal opposition to the President and his programs, will in all likelihood make some amends come November by returning to Washington Claude Pepper, a somewhat scarred but still vigorous and reliable New Frontiersman.

Ohio

Thomas A. Flinn

Oberlin

NO ONE is confidently predicting the outcome of the gubernatorial race between incumbent Democrat Michael DiSalle and Republican challenger James Rhodes, although observers were saying a year ago that Mike didn't have a chance. They were remembering the 1959 legislative session and the 1960 election.

In 1959 the Democrats had a majority in both houses of the Ohio General Assembly for the first time in ten years, and on DiSalle's recommendation enacted a long social-welfare program and some additional state aid for education. But Ohio, at the time, was at the point many other states reached during the fifties: its budgetary surpluses built during or immediately after World War II were gone, having been used to pay for rising expenditures. DiSalle could either cut expenditures or increase taxes. Actually, he recommended to the legislature and got some increases in appropriations and a tax program spread over many items dear to consumers. Republicans opposed the tax increases.

In the last Presidential election, Mr. Nixon took Ohio, and Governor DiSalle said the day after election, "We have to find a scapegoat and it might as well be me." He was willing to admit that the defeat was a negative reaction to his tax program.

Seeming to add to DiSalle's unpopularity was his repeated recommendation that Ohio abolish capital punishment.

Last fall DiSalle announced that he would not seek re-election, but reconsidered after requests poured in. Meanwhile, Democratic Attorney General Mark McElroy had announced his own candidacy for governor; he campaigned with the strong support of the Cleveland organization and on a program of "more jobs, not more taxes." McElroy got 299,207 votes to DiSalle's 331,463; not a strong endorsement of the incumbent Governor.

YET THE result of the present campaign is uncertain. Further analysis of the 1960 election shows religion to have been so important a factor as to make doubtful DiSalle's responsibility for the outcome. Reports persist that Rhodes is not popular with rank-and-file Republicans, and early rumors had it that he had forced himself on a reluctant organization by starting with the advantage of being the incumbent state auditor.

DiSalle for his part has been doggedly repeating to anyone who will listen his argument that Ohio is a low-service state and that it must do more, particularly for education. Rhodes has replied with a "positive program" of his own, including a new industrial-development authority, a youth commission and "golden age" villages. He is critical of DiSalle's tax program of three years ago, but he has also avoided taking a flat "no new taxes" stand himself. His approach may soften the effect of DiSalle's argument, but there remains between Rhodes and DiSalle a basic conflict over the role of the state government.

The uncertainty which surrounds the gubernatorial campaign is missing in the Senatorial contest which pits Democratic incumbent Frank Lausche against Republican industrialist John Marshall Briley. The general prediction: Lausche in a landslide. About the only interesting aspect of the campaign is the ques-

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tion, "How does Lausche do it?" The answer has many parts, but an important one is that Lausche has two significant keys to Ohio politics. He has unusual appeal for the rising ethnic groups of industrial northern Ohio, and he maintains the support of traditional Democrats whose presence here is often overlooked.

The Congressional race getting most comment is the at-large race between Robert Taft, Jr., and Richard D. Kennedy (no relation to *the* Kennedys). Cause of the comment is Kennedy's cautious attitude toward integration: at the post-primary Democratic state convention, he tried to strike the entire civil-rights section of the party platform. No one seconded his motion. The race is now considered Taft's almost by default. Some of the twenty-three district contests for Congress will undoubtedly be close, but a net gain of more than one or two seats for either party would be a major surprise.

SUNSET YEARS in the CACTUS . . *by Stan Steiner*

> All I can hear is the din of land, land, land. It shakes the reason out of men.—*Letter of a pioneer in the 1850s.*

IN THE inscrutable deserts of the Chiricahua Apache is the Horizon Land Corporation's Shangri-La.

West of the Canyon of the Skeleton, where Geronimo surrendered, a region of rocky desolation and inhospitable ravines, and east of the Cochise stronghold in the gaunt Dragoon Mountains, deformed by erosion, the hideout of refugees from Tombstone's lawmakers, lie the arid stretches of Sulphur Spring Valley. It is the site of one of the Southwest's mail-order real-estate booms — the "lush land" of Arizona Sun Sites, a subsidiary of Horizon Land.

The "lush land," so familiar to readers of the copywriter's dream advertised in full-page adjectives, is a beautiful desert. Beautiful: but is it habitable?

"Here," says the brochure of Horizon Land, "we are offering a healthful year-round climate, blessed with constant sunny days; with pure, unpolluted air; with land that is fertile; with an abundance of water, and most important with a way of life that offers tranquillity. . . ." Then it adds modestly, "Where else can you find land, good land, on which to build a home, grow practically anything the rest of the country grows?" Is it, perhaps, a bit warm for Shangri-La? Nonsense, the brochure says with assurance: "Sunshine is the ESSENCE OF LIFE . . . without sunshine there would be no light."

By "an abundance of water," hopefully the reference is not to the eroded, dry bed of Willcox Dry Lake some fifteen miles up the lonely paved road. Hopefully, it does not refer, either, to the San Pedro River, beyond the Dragoon Mountains — an almost dry gulch much of the year, accessible only via a dirt road and a thirty-mile jeep ride.

By "tranquillity," it is doubtful that there is reference to the fact that in this desert area, eighty miles long and sixty miles wide, the nearest town to the Horizon Land subdivision is Pearce, a ghost town; or that the valley is so sparsely populated that its three "cities," spread over seventy miles, have fewer than 250 inhabitants, or that "the bustling city of Willcox," the brochure's self-styled "Cattle Capital of the Nation," has a population of 2,441.

By the blessing of "constant sunny days" no reference, hopefully, is meant to the temperatures of 140 degrees on the open desert — heat so intense it melts the rubber on car windshields, sunshine so scorching the AAA cautions tourists in the region not to stroll afoot or leave their cars lest they be sunstruck.

What is meant by "good" land is anyone's guess. Local ranchers, when shown the brochure, do not reply in quotable form.

Visiting these "Sunsites" of the "booming Southwest," — which few prospective buyers have done — one gazes at a bowling-alley valley of desert, hung up in a haze of heat and untainted by such blemishes as trees. Yucca, that spiny sentinel of the desert, abounds; there are saguaro cacti; but even the hardy mesquite seems to shun the terrain. For wildlife, one has to seek out the stubborn desert rat and anti-social rattlesnake; the more amiable creatures have gone off in search of gentler climes. But there *are* signs of life. On the desert, there is a criss-cross pattern of "roads," 300 miles of them, built by the M. M. Sundt Construction Co. by the simple method of driving bulldozers over the valley. The "roads" have the appearance of a huge checkerboard — without checkers for the players. There is not a house to be seen.

"This is your life," the brochure says, "in Arizona."

Under the circumstances, one can understand with what pride Horizon Land announced that in four months some 10,000 "Sunsites" had found buyers.

Land, it seems, still "shakes the reason out of men." Given the romantic dreams obtainable for $10 down and $10 a month, the generous ethics of newspaper advertising departments and the facilities afforded by the U.S. Post Office, the sales of desert wasteland, by mail order, have burst into a boom that would have made old Doc Holliday, of Tombstone, envious.

"IT IS a shame to sell this land to people who can never use it," an official of the Arizona State Land Department told Phoenix's *Arizona Republic*. Still, in Arizona alone, real-estate men estimate that 100,000 home-sites have been sold.

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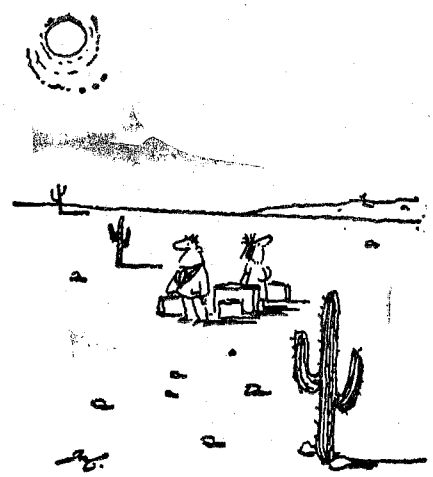
Up in the uninhabited edges of Mohave County, in the northern corner of the state bordering on California's Mohave Desert, some 60,000 lots have been unloaded. Lake Mohave Ranchos, about twenty miles distant from the lake of its namesake, has sold 14,000 lots. Golden Valley, a subdivided paradise for geologists and fossil collectors, has sold out its entire subdivision of 16,000 lots. Paradise Acres, Golden Horseshoe Ranchos and Sacramento Ranchos are selling like hot — desert — cakes; while Mead-O-Rama and Mead View Estates, whose promoters carol the cool praises of "nearby" Lake Mead — it is actually visible from a "nearby" hill — are reported to be doing a brisk trade.

"Horizon City" in Texas, another Horizon Land promotion, located in the alkali deserts twenty miles from El Paso, is similarly successful. Dennis Wagner, the president of the local Real Estate Board, has expressed his cautious "doubt [of] the possibility of any large-scale building in the near future" on this forlorn land, and the Better Business Bureau is reported "skeptical"; but neither "doubt" nor "skepticism" has dissuaded lot purchasers. New Mexico's "Belen Community," thirty miles from Albuquerque, and Colorado's rangeland "cities"—visionary as the Seven Cities of Cibula — are registering sales equally unhindered by realities. Nor do California's Mohave Desert subdivisions lack visionaries with open pocketbooks.

The buyers, who seek an unobtainable dream as much as obtainable land, often do not journey out to see what they have bought. "Forty per cent of our purchasers buy homesites by mail, sight unseen," says one land promoter.

One Negro couple from New York did make the trek. Leaving behind their belongings, sold to pay off the balance of $200 on their lot, they traveled West with nothing but what they could carry, and set about to find their Shangri-La in Mohave County, Arizona.

The tale is told by Robert L. Peart, chairman of the Mohave County Board of Supervisors, to whom the couple came to help them find their property. Searching the maps, the county official finally located the lot



in question and sadly informed the pilgrims: "I doubt if you could get to that lot with a Caterpillar tractor, that area is so rough." Having exhausted their savings, the unhappy couple decided to settle down, an inch away by map, from their unreachable dream.

LIKE most who do make the pilgrimage to their prospective half-acre ranches, the Negro couple were elderly and retired urbanites. Neither their age nor their experience prepared them for life outside the glossy confines of the land promoters' brochure. Housing is scarce and jobs are few in the real-estate boom areas. Land bought and sold by subdividers is the cheapest possible, usually wasteland or unwanted desert range, too poor to support cattle. Such land is usually far from industries or cities. In the Mohave subdivision there are but two towns, Chloride and White Hills — both ghost towns.

"A lot of these folks come here with Social Security retirement," says Supervisor Peart, "and they expect to get free medical and hospital care and help from the county." His complaint is heard in county offices throughout the boom areas. Social-welfare rolls have been grudgingly increased in a political atmosphere not noted for its partiality to the "welfare state" philosophy. Even if the purchasers do not go West to claim their properties, there is still burdensome paper work to be done. Says Peart: "The work load has tripled for the assessor, the treasurer and county recorder."

Since taxes on this wasteland are a pittance hardly affected by the $10 deposit usually demanded, the county is hard put to meet the situation. In Mohave County the situation has become so grievous that it has been designated a "depressed area" by the federal government.

THESE Social Security pioneers to the virgin land of the Southwest, who subsist on $180 a month, are at times worse off if they find their lots than if they do not.

Often miles from any paved road, on "roads" that are the barest bulldozed scars that turn into impassable gullies with the first cloudburst, far from neighbors, the locations turn the simplest and most rudimentary acts of ordinary living into formidable achievements.

Water, for example.

In the lowlands of the desert, the drilling of an artesian well of 200 to 300 feet will, with luck, bring in a good flow of water. Cost: a reasonable $1,000. But on the northern plateau, where Mohave County sits, a reliable well can cost anywhere from $1,500 to $17,000. Even then, an electric pump is likely to prove a problem when there is no electricity. Such was the difficulty faced by Mr. and Mrs. Grandstaff, who left their home near Cleveland, Ohio, for a home-site in the Lake Mohave Ranchos. Grandstaff, sixty-eight, pensioned, learned that the "plenty of water" promised was there all right — at Lake Mead, thirty miles away. The nearest drilled well was some four and a half miles from his lot. Living in a trailer, the elderly pensioner has to haul water in fifty-gallon barrels these four and a half miles.

The "water" that the land-promotion brochures invariably allude to so generously is a dry joke to Southwesterners. Yearly, the Western Resources Conference is plagued by reports of water shortages. "The water-shy Southwest," as the *Denver Post* calls the region, fights a continuous battle for water — county vs. county, town vs. town. Williams, one of the oldest towns in northern Arizona, is in so short supply that water has to be brought in by railroad car.

County officials thus view with dubious eye the come-ons of the land promotions. Nevertheless, they are re-

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luctant to reveal unpleasant truths that might burst the boom. Remaining unspoken is the fear that the boom will burst anyway with the uncomfortable results and messy scandals that recently shook up real-estate circles in Colorado.

LAST winter the Better Business Bureau of Denver sharply criticized four land promoters whose operations in the remote San Luis Valley of Colorado they deemed "questionable." "Excessive profiteering" was charged.

San Luis Valley, a quiet, mountain-encircled region along the New Mexico border, has fertile farm acreage as well as wasteland reaches so barren that they are useless even as rangeland. It was this wasteland, said the Denver investigators, that the mail-order land companies were selling to unsuspecting buyers. ". . . Developers attempted to sell plots to unwary out-of-state citizens, collecting small payments," reported the *Valley Courier* of Alamosa. It went on to report that the Better Business Bureau "warned that often the developer did not own the land being offered, but merely took an option on some Valley wasteland."

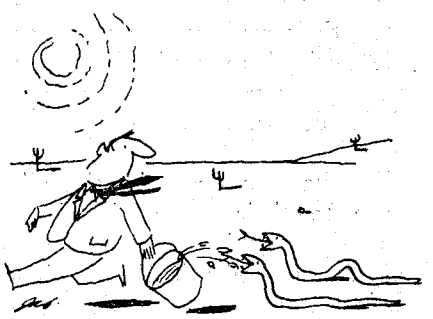
Investigations turned up transactions in which profits exceeded 5,000 per cent per lot. One of the promoters, the Rio Grande Estates, was charged with buying wasteland in the Costilla region, an arid and windswept mountain terrain that was assessed at 80c per acre, and reselling the land at $390 per lot. Spokesmen for the Denver Better Business Bureau estimated that promoters had been realizing a profit as high as $2,500 an acre on some of these wasteland sales. Companies taken to task by the Better Business Bureau investigators included the Rio Grande Estates, Aspen Acres, Cool Valley Estates and Alpine Village.

Profits in this type of land promotion do not usually reach these astronomical figures, but profits of 500 to 1,000 per cent are not uncommon.

In its current annual report, one of the most enterprising companies in the field, the American Realty and Petroleum Company (whose full-page advertisements for their Rio Rancho Estates near Albuquerque, New Mexico, have become well known to readers of the Sunday papers), lists the purchase price of its "Sunshine Paradise" at approximately $175 per acre. These acres are resold for $1,475. The company states that its lot sales, to date, have had a face value of $11,374,788; "cost of lots sold," the report adds, was $2,253,774.

"Never again will you see prices as low," says American Realty in its brochure. Horizon Land's brochure says: "We all know someone who 'knows someone' who just sold some land and made a huge profit on the deal." Presumably no irony was intended in either case.

The Colorado Real Estate Board, investigating complaints against the



Bonded Land Development Co. of Denver lodged by the California Division of Real Estate, uncovered an old and honored dodge. Bonded Land was a promotion scheme that operated through the selling of "chances" on Colorado real estate—at "a small carrying charge" — to gullible Californians. It actually owned none of the land it was bestowing. The unlucky lot owners of nonexistent lots were, however, out-of-state and so were out of luck as well, the Colorado Real Estate Board decided.

Shoestring promotions, based on small investments and large profit-taking, tend toward operations that crowd the borderline of legality. Consider the aforementioned Rio Rancho Estates ("Purple canyons and scenic desert. . . . And on every hand . . . lakes, rivers and rushing streams") where "more than 35,000 acres" — sometimes referred to as 55,000 acres — are offered for sale by American Realty. In reality, the acreage turns out to be a bit less. Of the 35,000 — or 55,000 — acres, "the company received title to 6,291 acres," according to the company's annual report. An additional 4,000 acres are "due October 1, 1962." The remainder, and vast majority, of the property is held under option and not by actual title. What happened here was that American Realty made a down payment of only $753,000 on the $9,800,000 price for the total tract; it is taking title to land only as rapidly as it is making payments. Here the trick, presumably, is to keep lot sales scrupulously within the limits of land to which title is held.

Not all boom promotions in the Southwest have been built on shaky financial foundations. But there have been enough to make a deep impression on the federal Department of Justice. Recently, in a message to the National Conference on Interstate Land Sales, held in San Francisco, Nicholas Katzenbach, U.S. Deputy Attorney General, noted:

> We, in the federal government, view with deep concern the inroads made by swindlers in the real estate development industry.
>
> We believe that it not only threatens the consumer's pocketbook and morale but also does great harm to the large body of legitimate subdividers who must contend with this unfair competition and operate in an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust.

Katzenbach added that while the mail-fraud statute furnishes some protection, the real-estate industry must be encouraged to discipline itself and, most important, "measures are needed to create public awareness [of the problem] through disclosure requirements and educational programs."

Concern is spreading to the ordinary citizens of the Southwest, too. A Phoenix resident wrote recently to the *Arizona Republic*:

> Now, here, on the one hand, we are supposed to tell the people back East how we enjoy feeling like a hamburger in a broiler every summer and promote Phoenix every day of the year. . . . I believe we are approaching the problem from the wrong viewpoint. Forget about the soft sell, forget about coolers and air-conditioned offices. Play up the appeal to the rugged individualist. . . . We could have ads in all the Eastern papers: "Come out in a man's world and learn what it feels like to be a lighted cigarette."

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SPAIN REVISITED . . *by Alexander Werth*

I HAD NOT been in Spain for twenty-five years. The last time I was there was at the end of 1937. In shelled, bombed, hungry Madrid, Ernest Hemingway was living at the Florida, the most heavily shelled hotel in the city (he liked it for that reason), with members of the International Brigade dropping in to have a chat with him and to get a stiff whisky out of his inexhaustible supply. The Front ran through the devastated University City on the outskirts of Madrid. Civilians were hungry, but morale among the Republican troops was still high, though the evil effects of "non-intervention" were already beginning to be keenly felt; and militarily (as the long and murderous battle of Teruel was to show soon afterwards), all the advantages were on the side of the heavily armed Fascists. Dissension among the Republicans was growing. When I showed a pass, signed by Prieto, the Minister of War, to a Communist sentry, he spat on it. And yet, despite all, the Republicans held out for another fourteen months. To the Spanish people, the Republic was not an empty word; its triumph would have meant a wholly new way of life for Spain. Franco's victory meant the establishment of a brutish, totalitarian regime, only too keen to include itself in Hitler's Order.

Now, especially in the last five or six years, we are told that the Franco regime isn't at all what it used to be. I have met English and American liberals who, after a visit to Spain, were quite starry-eyed about it. They asserted that the regime had become "positively liberal." The inimitable Malcolm Muggeridge, that anti-thirties man of the thirties, has been assuring us (in the *New Statesman*, of all places) that those who thought that "the outcome of the Spanish Civil War mattered enormously" were just ridiculous. Which is to assume that the continued existence of the Franco regime is all to the good, both for Spain and for the world.

Spain, in the last few years, has become the tourist's paradise. From Britain, France, Germany and America thousands have been spending their holidays in Spain, especially on the Costa Brava, living in luxury on a third or a quarter of what they would have to spend in France. Tossa has become an international Saint-Tropez, a scene (it seems) of such riotous living that even the Christian Spanish Government, for all the immense advantages it derives from tourism, had to issue on June 23 this quaintly worded order (in English) on "Protecting the Morality at Beaches, Swimming Pools and Places of Recreation":

> The big fluency of people at the seaside . . . claim for the revision of regulations about morality and good customs.
>
> 1) People over 14 are forbidden to use bathing suits along streets of any city. The use of shorts on the city centres is prohibited.
>
> 2) As a rule no lustful manifestations of immorality or lustful situations will be allowed, nor any action or extralimination which could lessen the public honesty or affect the traditional good customs of our country. . . .
>
> 3) Violations of the above regulations or the indulgence of directors, managers, parents or tutors will be punished by City Governors, Mayors, Chiefs of Police or the Direction General of Security according to the faculties to them granted by the Act of Police Spectacles of 2-9-41.

I saw this notice displayed in every hotel in Spain, even in the most respectable backwaters.

TO TELL the truth, I did not share the qualms about going to Spain which an English liberal expressed in the *New Statesman* the other day. He did not, he wrote, like to "spend a holiday in a country where one's luxury depends on a depressed standard of living for domestics, who have no right to campaign for a higher living wage . . . and where the people are afraid to talk openly to you for fear of political reprisals."

For one thing, neither of these two statements is strictly correct. The tourist trade has been of benefit not only to the regime and to hotel owners, but to many thousands of seasonal workers, many of whom (especially in Andalusia) live on a near-starvation level, and who make a little extra by working in tourist hotels as waitresses or dishwashers. The phenomenon of the seasonal worker is, indeed, very common in Spain; in Catalonia, I was able to observe thousands and thousands of wretched Andalusians—men, women and children—traveling by train in almost Goyaesque conditions to help in the grape harvest in France. To them, France was heaven. If, in Andalusia, a man earned (with luck) 300 pesetas (about $5) a week, in France at the height of the harvest he could earn nearly as much in a day. And year after year, these people were taking their families with them, always in the hope of being allowed to stay in France.

It must be said that, in northern Spain, such abject poverty does not hit you in the eye, unless you go to the trouble of exploring the *chabolismo* (the Spanish equivalent of the North African *bidonvilles* or tin-can towns) on the outskirts of the larger cities, where people still live in almost cave-man conditions. No doubt, a certain amount of modern housing is being built everywhere—not only the megalomaniac skyscrapers of Madrid and the vast office buildings of Barcelona or Saragossa, but also modest apartment houses on the outskirts of smaller cities like Burgos or Soria, where they make a strange contrast with the ancient houses that look like part of the yellow and ochre soil. Since 1957, some 50,000 apartments a year have been built—not many.

BUT FOR most Spaniards, life is a hard struggle. Apart from the phenomenon of seasonal labor, there is the equally common phenomenon of "moonlighting"—holding down two or more jobs in order to make ends meet. Although Spanish postmen are dressed up almost like generals, I talked to one who had a large family and who, in order to feed it, had to work at night as a watchman in a bank—allowing himself only three or four hours' sleep.

The great slogan of the Franco regime today is the "Europeanization of the Spanish economy," but this

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Mississippi Mud . . . *by Sidna Brower*

Because of the dearth of information generally about the attitude of Ole Miss students towards James Meredith and the events which preceded and followed his admission to the campus, we invited Miss Sidna Brower, editor of The Mississippian, *the campus daily, to report on the subject for our readers. Miss Brower's editorials on the campus rioting, printed in* The Mississippian, *attracted nation-wide attention.*—Ed.

"STUDENTS started out yesterday by shouting slogans of their pride in Mississippi and ended up with nothing to be proud of," read the first paragraph in the lead story of *The Mississippian*'s "riot issue."

The curiosity of hundreds of Ole Miss students changed to shock, and the bright gleam of Governor Ross Barnett's new popularity on the campus began to dim, as students witnessed violent demonstrations sweeping the university grounds.

Not only students, but almost the entire State of Mississippi, had expected a miracle from a demigod — Governor Barnett. After all, he had sworn in his campaign speeches that there would not be integration as long as he was Governor. For a short while, it seemed as if he could keep his pledge. The new hero of the "great sovereign State of Mississippi" wrote proclamations, hired the state's leading legal minds and listened to the advice of the national president of the White Citizens Councils. After he had successfully defied federal court orders for the first time, the state's citizens put almost complete trust in his drive to keep James Meredith out of the university. Students who had formerly booed him at football games began to "Roll with Ross."

But while the students cheered Barnett, they never dreamed that their university would appear as a torn battlefield at dawn on October 1, 1962. True, they didn't want Ole Miss to become the first Mississippi college to be integrated. They were prepared to hurl nasty remarks, but never would there be an actual fight, much less bloodshed on their campus. There was still the sincere belief that the Governor was right. After all, he was standing up for an old Southern tradition, even if few Southerners can state exactly what that tradition is.

Some Southerners have expressed their firm belief in "white supremacy." These people fear their "superiority" would be overthrown if the Negro were allowed in all-white colleges. There was, and still is, the fear among some of the lower classes that the Negro, if educated, would be on an equal economic basis with them; thus "the poor white trash" would have no scapegoat. Even some members of the upper classes fear economic equality: if Negroes became educated, they would cease to be a source of cheap labor. Naturally, among many Mississippians and other Southerners is the constant fear that integrated schools will lead ultimately to intermarriages. Thus the white race would no longer be "superior." Yet many of those who most fear for the "degeneration" of the white race are the products of the degeneration of their own fine old families.

AS THE period of uncertainty lengthened, tensions mounted. The less radical segregationists said, "I just don't care; I wish something would happen one way or the other." A few students transferred to other schools to escape the problem—not of integration, but of the continued campus unrest. Radicals became even more extreme, more determined to fight; some were actually willing to kill "that damn Nigger."

Very few students wanted Meredith to enter Ole Miss and a few more didn't really care; the vast majority, however, wanted their university to remain segregated. "The federal government is forcing Meredith down our throats and if we let one in, they will send more Negroes down here," was the honest opinion of a great number of students. Now that Meredith is in, they are saying, "They pushed him down our throats and if we don't show some disapproval, there will be several more Negroes trying to get in." Thus they jeer at Meredith, "Nigger, go home," "I'll kill you," "Go to hell, black bastard."

The so-called moderates on the campus were disgusted with the federal government for having imposed integration by force. Although they personally do not resent integration, they felt such extreme measures should not have been taken. They feel the whole affair has actually slowed down desegregation.

Almost all the students seem to think that Meredith was selected as the guinea pig for integration in Mississippi. Hardly any twenty-nine-year-old married veteran would be easily accepted on a campus where most students are between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one — much less a Negro. Students felt that since Meredith lacked only one semester at Jackson State and, as a result of his transfer, will have to attend classes for another year, he was not sincerely interested in his education but merely in desegregating Ole Miss.

Many students and Mississippians still firmly believe that Ross Barnett was right in every action; they read only Mississippi papers and thus read and hear only what they want. But some students are searching their consciences and asking questions; for them, Barnett's aura of heroism has faded. They are in doubt where to place the blame for the Sunday riots. They do not want integration, but they feel violence is not the answer. They believe the Governor incited the riots in part, but do not entirely blame the state officials. (University officials are completely out of the picture, since they were caught between state and federal governments.) Now the students look to the administration for advice—and until recently, at least, were receiving little.

Naturally, Mississippians tend to blame the federal courts, the government and the Justice Department. They believe that the Justice Department, after forcing the issue of integration upon the state, is attempting to make the students accept Meredith as "one of them." Although most students refused to accept Meredith, they have accepted the fact that the university has been desegregated, and are attempting to settle down to normalcy. But in others the flame of hatred still burns; they continue to believe that "the South shall rise again" and that the "great State of Mississippi" will once more be sovereign.

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development has been very lopsided. The emphasis, up till now, has been on industry; if, between 1929 and 1960, industrial production has increased by some 160 per cent, agriculture has been practically stagnant and, as recently as 1958, its output was still 13 per cent lower than in 1929. The "two capitalisms"—the old, predominantly Catalan and Basque capitalism and the "new" capitalism, a product of the regime itself, benefiting from American aid, American and German investments, etc.—still largely stick to the old principle (as one Spaniard rather morosely put it) that "you only lend to the rich"—i.e., to industry, but not to agriculture, where no quick returns are to be expected. Driving in a ramshackle bus from Saragossa to the French border, I saw only two tractors; altogether, the statistics show only 35,000 tractors for the whole country. The share of the Spanish budget devoted to sorely needed agricultural improvements is still below 1 per cent of the total. A quarter of the budget goes to the Army; 40 per cent to maintain the administration, civil service and police; 20 per cent to the economic departments (mostly industry, but not to the railways, which are in terrible shape), and 9 per cent to education.

The whole system, for all the fine words the regime uses to describe it, is essentially based on a super-exploitation of the working class. Real wages today are barely more than half of what they were in 1936, the last normal year of the Republic. Still, Mr. Muggeridge insists that the outcome of the Civil War was quite unimportant! Only a year or two ago, Sanz Orrio, Franco's Minister of Labor, declared that "Present conditions do not lend themselves to any big claims on the part of the workers." Since then, there have been the great strikes of last April and May involving at least 150,000 workers, despite the fact that strikes are "illegal."

The living standard of "organized" labor, and especially of the unorganized, remains extremely low; not only is the proportion of the family budget—55 per cent—spent on food about the highest in Europe, but the kind of food eaten is of small nutritive value: bread, oil, vegetables, melons, but few eggs and very little meat or fish. *Afan,* the trade-union journal (government-sponsored, of course) recently assured workers that "the digestion of a big meal quickly led to fatigue, and had an adverse effect on productivity."

Serious Spanish studies have estimated that 83 per cent of the Spanish population was receiving only 30 per cent of the national income, while it contributed 60 per cent of the state revenue. The 83 per cent includes small industrialists suffering from the power of the big joint-stock companies; small shopkeepers suffering from supermarkets; small landowners paying heavy taxes, and countless small officials—all the way from the teacher to the gendarme or postman. But big capitalism is flourishing and remains, together with the Army and the Church (on the latter, however, it would be rash to generalize), the real backbone of the regime. It would be tedious to enumerate all the highly profitable posts held in the big companies, corporations and banks by Franco's brother Nicholas, or by his son-in-law, the Marquess of Villaverde, or by the hundreds of ministers, ex-ministers and generals representing the Franco hierarchy. Many bishops, who became curiously outspoken during the recent strikes, have commented, from time to time, on this "scandalous nepotism."

Yet, is there a serious opposition to the regime?

IT IS probably true to say that there is no Opposition, but only a number of disunited oppositions. Anyone thinking in terms of overthrowing the regime is merely daydreaming. But there is a strong belief in some kind of "evolution," and now that Franco is seventy, the belief grows stronger every day. Even today there are signs that something has changed. The April-May strikes may not have brought the workers any real benefits, but they demonstrated a few significant facts. With Spain anxious (for the most mercenary reasons, it is true) to become "part of Europe," Franco, despite his first inclination, hesitated to launch an all-out armed attack on the "illegal" strikers. Secondly, parallel with the official "syndicalist" organizations, there functions, as the strikes showed, a virtually open "clandestine" labor movement of predominantly Socialist inspiration. Much deeper below the surface are also some Communist influences, though how important these are it is very hard to say.

More significant, perhaps, are the liberal and Socialist trends to be found among the lower clergy, above all in the Basque provinces, the working-class areas of Barcelona and among the various Catholic youth movements. And yet the greater part of the Church hierarchy is solidly behind the Franco regime, and many of its "liberal" gestures have aptly been described as part of a "false opposition," often reflecting not much more than a rivalry between the Church and the Falangists (from whom the Church took over the education of youth in 1947) or between Catholic Action and *Opus Dei.*

THEN there is the question of the different Spanish generations. The survivors of the active Republicans (there are not so very many left, for nearly half a million lost their lives between 1936 and 1943, while nearly as many fled to France) are mostly bitter and discouraged men. I had a long talk one day with a man of fifty who looked at a picture of Franco and his ministers on the front page of the newspaper I was reading.

"They've been with us for twenty-five years now, and look at us! I had four years of it," he said, putting his wrists together in a handcuff gesture. "Four years in jail. Yes, I was in the Republican Army. We were let down by everybody—by France, by Britain, by our own lack of unity. Anyway, these wolves had Hitler on their side. And so they won, and all our dreams went up in smoke. You could have done something to Hitler's ally in 1945; now it's too late. He's getting American money. He's become respectable in the eyes of the world. We can't start another civil war. People of my generation are too scared of war, and the younger people are mostly wholly unpolitical. Football, cinema, girls—that's all they're interested in. They grumble, but they won't do anything. Perhaps one can hardly blame them."

This *apolitismo* is, of course, com-

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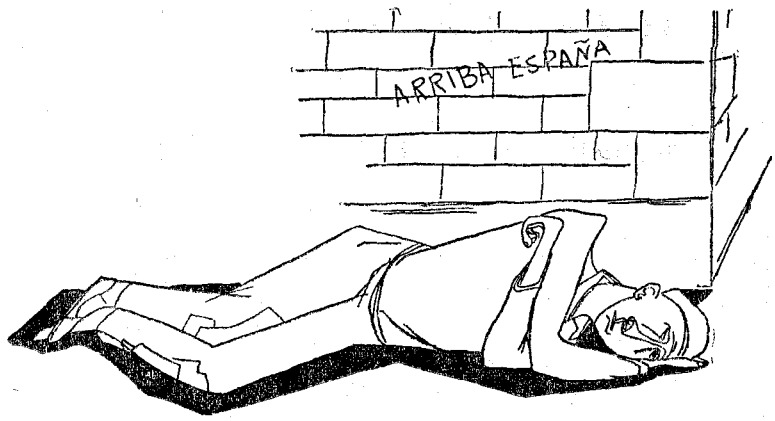
mon to all Europe today. You have it in France. You have it in Britain. But in Spain it has some rather special features, and is partly created by the regime itself. Since neither Franco nor the regime seems capable of arousing any real support among the ordinary people, the regime prefers that citizens not bother about politics at all. In small provincial Spanish towns, many of which I visited, I found that life was dull and sometimes downright sordid for ordinary people. So the youth tended to be escapist. Between 7 and 9 P.M. the whole town flocks (as it always did) into the main street, to meet friends and to show off new clothes (for even a poor Spaniard, especially in Castile, Aragon or Catalonia, will never be seen wearing shabby clothes); and then they disperse to cafés, dance halls or cinemas. Occasionally in cafés or bars one hears some quite candid political conversations, but mostly the talk is about football. Cinemas show mostly adventure films of the trashiest kind, at least 70 per cent of them American, and most of the others Spanish of the *Song of Andalusia* variety. No more distinguished is the quality of the radio, on which serial novelettes of a sentimental and vaguely erotic kind are the chief attraction. Very few books are read in Spain, apart from the highly popular "TBOs"—the equivalent of our comics—and cheap paperback thrillers.

MOST significant is the position of the press. Daily papers are chiefly bought (if they are bought at all) for their numerous sports pages; but there is an obvious distrust and dislike of newspapers. Spanish domestic affairs are dealt with in only the most superficial way, while foreign affairs are highly colored, with a strong cold-war undercurrent. An enormous amount of space is nowadays devoted to Cuba, "Russia's bridgehead in America."

But even some occasional touches of nonconformism do not save the Spanish press from its sad fate. *ABC* of Madrid and *Vanguardia* of Barcelona have a sale of 100,000 each; but the total sale of the daily press in Spain is about 600,000 copies—i.e., one newspaper per fifty Spaniards! And a recent inquiry showed that



even these papers were usually bought for their sports pages.

This virtual sabotage of the press points to a curious combination of *apolitismo* and distrust of the official spokesmen of the regime (all editors are appointed by the government). This, and much else, illustrates what is perhaps the most fundamental impression one gets after a searching look at Spain: and that is that it is a Fascist state, but not a Fascist country.

ORDINARY people have been stultified by the regime in all kinds of ways, and most of the "oppositions" are dispersed, vague, timid and politically inexperienced. But what is certain is that, among the popular masses, the regime is neither loved nor respected; and even if it is no longer the terrorist regime it once was, it still has its thousands of political prisoners, its secret police, its torture chambers and special tribunal.

This is no piece of imagination. Whereas, during the strikes, Franco and his colleagues were frightened into making promises to the strikers and even a few concessions, once the strikers were back to work the Caudillo started showing his claws again. In the press, the Asturian miners began to be treated as anti-social and criminal elements, even as Communists. Many workers were fired without compensation of any kind. According to reliable information, sixty strikers — mostly men over fifty — were fired from the General Electrica of Bilbao; many were sent (in fact, deported) to other parts of Spain; still others were jailed.

Ramon Ormazabal was arrested at Bilbao, accused of being a "Communist ringleader"; a painter, Maria Dapena, and her husband, Jose Villate, were jailed for having given him shelter. Particularly numerous were the arrests among the Basque intellectuals: the painter Agustin Ibarrola and his brother; the poet Vidal de Nicolas; an art critic, Antonio Pericas; a lawyer, Enrique Mugica. For six weeks these people were put through the third degree and then transferred to a jail in Madrid, where they now await trial by a military tribunal. The left-wing French Catholic review *Esprit* has since given some harrowing details of this example of "democracy" at work in the Spain of the Caudillo.

EVERY Spaniard I met thought there would be a change—sometime. Such a feeling is particularly prevalent among the university elite. But as one young student put it to me: "American influence and help in our country have cut both ways. Let us assume that they have really 'liberalized' our regime. But, as Franco says, this is a regime of Freedom and Order. That's to say, Freedom says something it shouldn't say, and Order socks it then between the eyes. It's a little less bad than it was—but not much. As against this, the United States has consolidated and perpetuated the regime—perhaps even *beyond* Franco. That's our chief worry. And," he added, "there's another thing. We like foreigners. We'd like to meet lots of foreigners, and even take risks in talking to them. Instead, all that your countries send us are those silly tourists. They look at cathedrals and eat and eat, and don't even look round to see what a sad and tormented country this is."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Canada's Literature of Revolt

Louis Dudek

LIKE the United States about a hundred years ago, Canada today is very much concerned about becoming a nation with a literature, arts, a distinctive character. Perhaps it's too late for rising nationalities, in a world moving toward larger global organizations and even toward world perspectives in literature and the arts, but small ambitious nationalities are bound to ignore that kind of discouragement. And Canada is not even small.

One of the highly developed countries, industrially, and also culturally, with a score of fine universities, with notable scholars and scientists to show, with growing but neglected literatures in both French and English languages, Canada yet feels impatient with what it has done so far and is doing now; it feels capable of much greater things.

Canada still believes in most of the positive virtues. A country trying to get on its feet is not likely to doubt the pleasures of walking. We believe in "culture," in self-improvement, in *les arts*. A young American a few years ago (I forget whether it was Olson or Creeley; of that group, anyhow) said to us that "to be thirty years behind the United States is to be lucky right now." Even our cultural lag, our conservatism, may have its advantages. But there is also the drama of a revolt against the old world, against the stolid provincial virtues (the Sabbath Day law in Toronto, Bermuda shorts banned in the midwest, no uncut films in Quebec), a revolt that has been going on for the past forty years. It gives our literature a dynamic setting for some of the discords of modern life and ideas, and the best Canadian books are rich in conflict and ferment.

But for the moment, it's just as hard to make England or America see the vigor and growth of Canada in its literature as it was to make England accept "American Literature" in the last century. Matthew Arnold, ridiculing the idea of an American literature, tossed off the jibe: "Are we to have a primer of Canadian Literature, too?" Had he looked into the matter he would have found several anthologies already in existence. Ignorance of the Canadian scene is one of the main props for such continuing prejudice.

The lack of recognition outside Canada only enforces the main crippling reflex that has long kept this country from standing up for itself. Without a Declaration of Independence, without a Revolution to cause the spirit to cast off colonial loyalties, Canada has lacked the self-confidence that America so quickly achieved in Tom Paine and Franklin and Whitman. Say it was a bit overdone, but it was salutary. Self-doubt before the awesome superiority of England, and later before the vigor of America, has made Canadians a self-depreciating lot, displeased with their own land and people, unsure of their own powers. Often the best Canadian is an Anglophile who feels as T. S. Eliot might if he had been condemned to live out his life in St. Louis. I wrote last summer, in the course of a long poem:

> Voltaire has it: "The Canadian
> savage persists."
> And a Beat poet: "Quebec, what a
> horrible city!"
> "Went to the University of
> Montreal," wrote Masters,
> "learned nothing and returned home."
>
> We take a beating, not only from
> ourselves.

For this reason most of our literature of revolt, in these last forty years, has been concerned with violent self-rejection and self-correction, with "Satire, Invective" and every kind of "Disrespectful" attack on the Canadian environment. The quoted words come from the subtitle of a recent anthology, *The Blasted Pine,* satiric poetry collected by F. R. Scott and A. J. M. Smith. This catharsis of abuse pointed at Canadian life has both the function of creating a larger independence in the writer (who thereby thrusts himself away from the native limitations) and of finding a local expression for some of the most iconoclastic, undermining and ruthless features of modernism in literature.

The first stage of such a sapping and liberating revolt in Canada is the novel or poem depicting the deadly suffocating effect of life in this country, especially in a specific regional or urban setting. The fine novel by Sinclair Ross, *As For Me and My House* (available in a Toronto paperback), depicts clerical life in Canada's midwest as unredeemed anguish, quiet desperation. So too, a poet like James Reaney, with his brilliant simulated madness, presupposes a constricting, intolerable environment in the Ontario towns; his irrationality and zany humor make excessive compensation for the prosaic and unimaginative fact. (*A Suit of Nettles* is the best of his books in print.) But the most devastating catalogue of anti-Canadianism appears in the masterfully written travel book, *Canada Made Me*, by Norman Levine, a Canadian poet and novelist living in England. These are samples out of a large literature dealing with Canada as a kind of S.P.C.A. gas chamber. Strains of the same repressed exasperation appear in almost all our local-setting novels and books of poetry.

A FEELING of suffocation, however, is not yet a feeling of rebellion. Edwin Arlington Robinson and A. E. Housman suffered this static condition of despair and exasperation just prior to the flow of activist poetry in America and England earlier in this century. But what raises them at once as poets, and what the Canadians here often lack, is the universality of theme that their statement implies. The Canadian keeps his eyes closer to the ground; at worst he is merely regional or provincial. And as that shrewd writer Nabokov points out, "Local colors are not fast colors."

Let us repeat that Canadians, by and large, are a bit old-fashioned. Even their best novels smack of the 1920s and 30s, of Hemingway, Farrell and Dos Passos. Exploratory novels like *Les Chambres de Bois* of Anne Hébert or Sheila Watson's *Double Hook* are few and find no public; folkish plays like Gelinas' *Bousile et les Justes* or the farce *My Fur Lady* abound and go far. To venture beyond good and evil, yet in tension with a scrupulous discrimination—as in Proust or Gide—this we have not yet tried. The tiresome "break with Victorianism" is still going on here; and the gap between the intellectual and the popular is probably greater even than it is in the United States.

Looking back, *Maria Chapdelaine,*

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written by a Frenchman, Louis Hémon, who lived a year and a half in Canada, sentimentalized and created an idyll of French "habitant" life. It is typical of our literature before the change, before the modern swing to realism and negation. In English, Bliss Carman who for Ezra Pound summarized the climate of American poetry around 1900, represents a corresponding conformity, actually Emersonian transcendentalism and Josiah Royce imported into Canada. Only Archibald Lampman among our *fin-de-siècle* poets had the pessimistic overtones that still make him interesting to modern ears.

TODAY, most Canadians are flagellants still. But the second and more interesting phase of our self-purification (i.e., liberation) occurs when the writer takes action and allows his rage or explicit rejection to appear in his work. Canada had its angry young men in this sense, and its proto-Beats, before 1950. We trace our active rebellion to Robert Service, whose flight from the drawing room to the north was at least an adolescent running away from home. ("It's hell!—but I've been there before; / And it's better than this by a damsite— / So me for the Yukon once more.") In the 1930s we had the drypoint etchings of F. R. Scott and the satiric euphorious poems of A. M. Klein to point toward a strong modern realism. This came in the early forties in Montreal, with a handful of wild little magazines that for the first time tore the roof off loyalism and puritanism and aimed their guns at local complacency and conformity.

Raymond Souster of Toronto does it best in poetry, with a direct simple line of singing invective:

> Even a worm will turn, gentlemen,
> Nobody can slum it better than a worm, but even a worm
> Even such a humble creature will presently grow tired
> Of rot, of decay, no matter how extensive, exclusive, fashionable, or powerful,
> Even a worm will demand more than blindness, a more proud locomotion than crawling . . .

This was written sometime around 1944 when the local poetry renaissance was at its height. In the same vein, Irving Layton's early poetry lashed out at the Canadian social landscape. His blatant verdict, "A dull people," has stuck like a burr. Among the prose writers today Mordecai Richler's novels add considerable hilarity to the same impetus, with a desire to free himself, not only from Canada, but from the particular streets of Montreal where his youth suffered insult.

Jewish writers have played an important role in this literature of local revolt. From A. M. Klein to Adele Wiseman they have reported sympathetically on Jewish life; but in Richler, Levine and Layton a powerful self-rejection adds to the Canadian complex of self-criticism. They help to carry through a literary growth which the predominant Anglo-Calvinist and French-Catholic cultures would find it difficult to maintain on their own. Other nationalities in the Canadian melting pot act in the same way: Gnarowski (Russian origin) is editor of the magazine *Yes;* Vizinczey (Hungarian) edited *Exchange;* Dudek (Polish origin) edits *Delta;* Acorn (some German background) edits *Moment*. In this respect, the Canadian pattern has only recently come to resemble the American. Less than ten years ago a Toronto critic could still write that "cultural devotion to the mother country has been central. Certainly no challenge has come . . . from non-Anglo-Saxon sources."

In the 1940s the literary revolt here against complacencies in religion and morality, against the old poetic conformities, took a leftist political turn. Around 1947 radicalism suffered the familiar reaction. But the literary swing away from politics simply veered away from a simplification; it did not abandon the practical support of effective liberal policies or welfare-directed social reforms. What the literary leftists did abandon was the idea that the source of all evils can be simply finger-pointed, or that any change can make all things unassailably well. This kind of stultification continues in Soviet puritanism, and may still be a source of inspiration for Communist writers, but it is no longer a current formula here, if it ever was in its pure form.

The wider critical impetus in Canada, if it is to rise to universality, must become an aspect of the general "Blick ins Chaos"—Céline, Benn, Kafka, Moravia, Camus—translated onto native grounds. The deep-rooted negations of modern literature, which are the extreme implications of analytic rationalism brought face to face with its own works, a crisis combining religious, or if you like humanistic, impoverishment with terrifying material power—these larger negations must find expression, or the literature is sunk in superficiality and in family quarrels. Insofar as Canadian novels and poems do reflect this human crisis in particular terms, our literature merits attention abroad. And insofar as it has been limited by introverted self-criticism, it remains of local interest only.

In general I would say that some of our most highly considered poets and novelists suffer from the latter kind of provincialism. A fine poet and wit like F. R. Scott, now in his sixties and still writing and translating, has always limited his scope by his practical concern with local irritations. His best-known poem, "The Canadian Authors Meet" opens with—

> Expansive puppets percolate self-unction
> Beneath a portrait of the Prince of Wales.
> Miss Crotchet's muse has somehow failed to function,
> Yet she's a poetess. Beaming, she sails
> From group to chattering group, with such a dear
> Victorian saintliness, as is her fashion,
> Greeting the other unknowns with a cheer—
> Virgins of sixty who still write of passion.

And this writing is highly representative; F. R. Scott has been a great leader and initiator in our poetry for the past thirty-five years.

A deeper sounding into the dark reaches of modern thought appears in the current poets, James Reaney, Margaret Avison, Eli Mandel, Al Purdy, Jay Macpherson. And in Irving Layton this theme becomes glaringly explicit, even blatant, without much sensitivity for inherent tensions; perhaps a predictable Canadian variation. In the others, it is like Gide in prose, like Eliot in poetry, who carry on a painful quarrel with themselves and work toward a tentative resolution. In Reaney's *A Suit of Nettles* a nihilism perhaps as ruthless as any struggles with a will to order and moral intelligence. A similar awareness in Jay Macpherson uses a religious symbolism to contain the immanent chaos. The trouble with these writers is that their universality lacks particular reference. In short, either the Canadian writer fails to make his own experience the language of art, or he has the art without the reality of experience.

Yet realism, as in America, is inevitably at the core of the Canadian tradition. From the Chartist emigrant Alexander McLachlan through Lampman (a Fabian Socialist) and Service, through E. J. Pratt, our epic realist, to Scott and Layton and the Beat young poets of

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Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal, social realism is our continuing strength. Of course, realism carried to its conclusion leads to some form of transcendentalism; and in Canada its marriage with "spirit" should be all the more promising, with the close proximity of a genuine Catholic French-Canadian literature. But unfortunately we have so far lived in "Two Solitudes," as two languages and two literatures, and the possibilities of marriage have only recently been broached.

In French Canadian writing, a revolt similar to the one I have described is actually taking place on a wide front. It amounts to an awakening of the French consciousness on Canadian soil and a discovery of its total dissatisfaction with the "habitant" status of yore and with the present subordination to English or "Americanizing" influences.

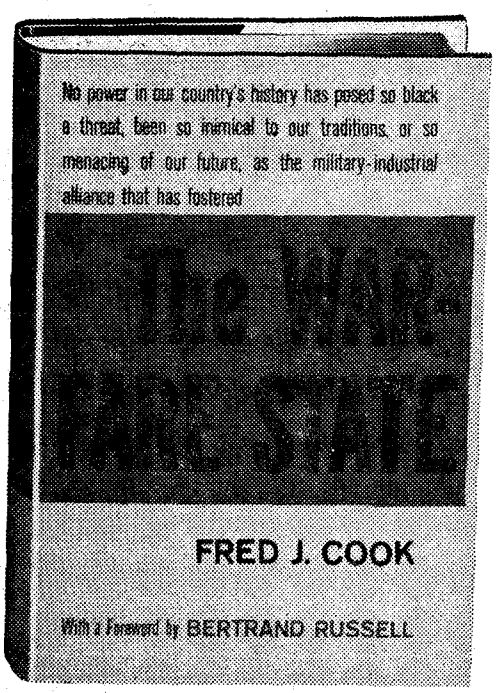
The result is a young Separatist movement of some vigor which could become a serious bid to establish a separatist French-speaking state in Quebec. So far, this movement has been useful, in stirring up English Canada to take notice of the French language and French writing in Canada; and it has stirred the French themselves into a multitude of practical activities.

At the moment, a powerful Social Credit Party is threatening to take power in the Province. Social Credit here is simply a way of casting a plague on both the traditional parties (Liberal and Conservative) and of putting up a counter-block to the New Democratic Party. It appeals to people with many irritations on their small minds and powerful conservative instincts, since it offers to put things right with a monetary gimmick, while avoiding any structural change in the economic order.

More to the point, new French publishing firms in Montreal, such as Les Editions de L'Homme and Les Editions du Jour, distinct from the old Church-inspired houses such as Fides, have brought out scores of popular books making a frontal attack upon the defects of their own culture. They have castigated their educational system, the influence of religion in primary education, the lack of non-sectarian schools in Quebec, the speech habits of the people (the so-called "Joual"—corruption of *cheval*—being the new name for sub-standard French), and the conservatism of their own people as an obstruction to the true cultural upsurge which seems to be in progress.

Their novelists, like the English, have moved from a sentimentalized picture of Canadian life (Gérin-Lajoie to Hémon) and have taken up realistic, objective criticism (*Trente arpents* of Ringuet) in which the air of desperation and suffocation dominates. In general, anguish and hysteria are abundant in both the prose and poetry. Finally, the dynamic element emerges clearly in a prolific novelist like Yves Thériault; and this is accompanied by works of dreamlike imagination, in Marie-Claire Blais and Anne Hébert, where reality is translated into a timeless language.

It's a pat formula with us to attribute "descriptive materialism" to English Canadian writing, and "spirituality," derived from Catholicism, to French Canada. What the critic Guy Sylvestre describes as "une terrible solitude spirituelle" in the poetry of Saint-Denys Garneau or Anne Hébert, and an exploration of "the darkness" in current novels ("Ils ont exploré surtout la nuit"), is really the personal search of writers who have broken away from Catholic moorings. The search, as in the English Canadian poets, moves


No power in our country's history has posed so black a threat, been so inimical to our traditions, or so menacing of our future, as the military-industrial alliance that has fostered
FRED J. COOK
With a Foreword by BERTRAND RUSSELL

MACMILLAN

"If there are human beings in the world at the end of the present century, Mr. Cook will be one of the men whom they will have to thank for their existence."

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toward some form of symbolic or naturalistic transcendence, tentative yet persistent; it is also extremely individual and authentic.

Among the young in the colleges, one-act plays in the manner of Ionesco are now of course the order of the day. Way-out non-conformist magazines are also thriving: *Tish* in Vancouver, *Evidence* and *Moment* in Toronto, *Cataract* in Montreal. In French, a counterpart of this appears in the fierce iconoclastic stories of Marcel Godin in *La Cruauté des faibles,* and in the satires of the popular publishers, *Frère Untel, Le Notaire Poupart* and the "Joual" Dictionary. All this is good evidence of the chaos in which we thrive. But the Canadian view of chaos, as the thing becomes more terribly our own, is some form of earnest ray of insight toward a further order and a life of reason.

The best novelists for this thesis are also the best-known: Morley Callaghan and Hugh MacLennan. In Callaghan's case a compassionate saving humanity, an echo perhaps of faded Irish Catholicism, or a foresight of an existential hope, corrects the hard realism of his stories and novels. Edmund Wilson has compared him with Chekhov and Turgenev; I do not see why not. Callaghan reaches in the right direction.

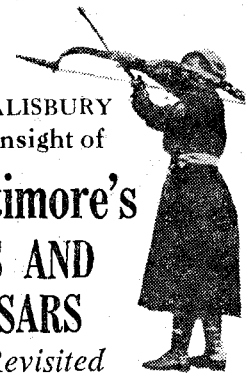
Hugh MacLennan has often registered his inability to bow before the overwhelming evidence of literary nihilism. He puts it down to his Nova Scotian conservatism and Scots Calvinist background. Actually his novels and essays fall back on a wise reasonableness that reminds us of the eighteenth century, an age that cured itself of puritanism and found solace in "common sense."

Neither of these novelists is extravagantly experimental. The Canadian sense of order, of compromise, appears even in the form and style, though MacLennan writes with cool Addisonian grace while Callaghan rushes forward with impulsive passion. The current novels of both, MacLennan's *The Watch That Ends the Night* and Callaghan's *A Passion in Rome,* are bathed in the same holy light.

Once the "revolt" against a specific Canadian life has taken place, the writer is only beginning to face the real problems of the situation. He has put behind him the "Waste Land" of Canadian living; but in the process, in the poetry of Reaney, or Mandel, the Canadian thing has become a sample of the general condition of human loss. He must then turn in search of a positive polarity, which is the maturing stage of the literary process. Revolt is universalized in human limitations, in the vacuity of life, in ignorance. The darkness is not particular with us—it would be an easy matter if it were, as Celia notes in *The Cocktail Party*—and we begin to discover that "the dark is not so dark" ("le noir n'est pas si noir": Valéry). It is at this stage of complexity that our best writers are now working.

These are conditions of self-discovery, and of rich seminal meaning, that can make for a literary abundance. In fact, something of the sort is already happening. The present crop of writers is widespread and wonderfully varied. As the dimensions of our experience are enlarged, we are for the first time able to translate our reality, even the Canadian waste, into living art.

An American critic has recently said (reviewing Colin McDougall's novel *The Execution*) that "the most important writing in the Western Hemisphere is now coming out of Canada." Frankly, we haven't looked at ourselves in that light. But there may be something in the claim.



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A Biography of the Agencies

THE FEDERAL ADMINISTRATIVE AGENCIES: The Need for Better Definition of Standards. By Henry J. Friendly. Harvard University Press. 180 pp. $4.25.

Louis L. Jaffe

THE administrative agency is not a panacea; it is a governmental device and, as such, subject to certain characteristic infirmities. Americans, though they have now passed beyond the great morning of their world, are still a congenitally and creditably optimistic people. They are given to enthusiasm; they have great faith in nostrums, gadgets and newly discovered solutions. In the reforming eras first in the eighties, then under Wilson, and again under F.D.R., we discovered the administrative agency — the Commerce, Trade, Securities and Communication Commissions, the Labor Relations and Civil Aeronautics Boards. It seemed to be the key to continuous reform; to a regulation of our capitalist economy which would be bold and at the same time technically sound. These agencies *have* in fact done very commendable work, some of it — I instance the Labor Board — splendid. In the first enthusiasm, charged with a mandate which, however vaguely expressed, was deeply felt, they were sometimes able to implement their mission with virtuosity. The somewhat novel form of the administrative agency, its freedom from inherited procedures, its freedom from direct Presidential control, made it possible to carry through at high speed a hard-hitting program.

But most of the agencies have slowed down and in the opinion of many have gone over to the enemy. The slowdown, as I see it, was inevitable, and some of the organizational features which were strengths when the mandates were fresh became weaknesses in slack periods. Inevitably, an agency becomes committed to positions which it has itself evolved. This is often seen as capitulation to industry. It may be so interpreted, but it is also one more example of the symbiosis of government and industry under mutually evolved rules which characterizes

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all areas of our government. At this point in its evolution, the agency — free from direct Presidential control — is resistant to the immediate infusion of new and disturbing ideas which an active President can impart.

JUDGE FRIENDLY, before his elevation to the bench, practiced for more than two decades before the Civil Aeronautics Board and other agencies. His is one of the most powerful legal minds in America. His chief criticism of the agencies, which he documents in rich and precise detail, is their failure to formulate policy. In an opening chapter he expounds with splendid authority the values of "better definition" of policy, of the standards to be applied as cases arise for disposition. Better definition increases the likelihood of equal treatment; provides a basis for prediction and thus encourages investment; sets a target for public criticism; educates the administrative staff, and insulates the agency from pressure. Despite these advantages, too many agencies in Friendly's opinion proceed from case to case in unpredictable, wavering fashion; in one case emphasizing, let us say, the virtues of competition and then not much later deploring its deficiencies. Such vacillation is particularly disturbing to a lawyer and to his clients, insofar at least as they are interested in plan and predictability. It also encourages in the agency sloppy thinking, failure to look ahead, expediency and even corruption. In the past, however, the agencies were encouraged to maintain a posture of maximum deployment, a posture which one can admire as long as he trusts the general direction of an agency. But in the long run the losses may exceed the gains. When an agency loses the energizing sense of mission, flexibility may become flabbiness, flatulence and fatuity. On balance we must agree with Judge Friendly that the agencies should do more to formulate policies and guides.

But this does not cover the whole ground of the regulatory problem as it appears today. It is often the case that Congress refuses to establish a standard of administration, or quite explicitly insists on an unstable, ill-defined compromise, e.g., railroad rate regulation. When that happens it is at least doubtful that an agency has either the legal or the political mandate to fashion certainty out of Congressional compromise or confusion. Nor by and large do these agencies have the political or technical forces to do so. The agencies — particularly the so-called "independent agencies" — are quite deliberately disconnected by Congress from the dynamo of Executive power. They are extremely vulnerable to the discrete Congressional pressures through which private pressure filters. Board memberships are not sufficiently prestigious or interesting to attract, other than sporadically, the very best men. The multi-membership board compels compromise. For these reasons we cannot look to the agencies for daring leadership. We must with Judge Friendly encourage them to improve their performance as from time to time they do. But the primary initiative for regulation can come only from Congress and the Executive.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

EDWARD ALBEE'S *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (Billy Rose Theatre) is packed with talent. It is not only the best play in town now: it may well prove the best of the season. Its significance extends beyond the moment. In its faults as well as in its merits it deserves our close attention.

It has four characters: two couples. There is hardly a plot, little so called "action," but it moves or rather whirls on its own special axis. At first it seems to be a play about marital relations; as it proceeds one realizes that it aims to encompass much more. The author wants to "tell all," to say everything.

The middle-aged wife, Martha, torments her somewhat younger husband because he has failed to live up to her expectations. Her father, whom she worships, is president of a small college. Her husband might have become the head of the history department and ultimately perhaps her father's heir. But husband George is a nonconformist. He has gone no further than associate professor, which makes him a flop. She demeans him in every possible way. George hits back, and the play is structured on this mutually sadistic basis. The first cause of their conflict is the man's "business" (or career) failure.

Because they are both attracted to what may be vibrant in each of them, theirs is a love-hate dance of death which they enact in typical American fashion by fun and games swamped in a sauce of strong drink. They bubble and fester with poisonous quips.

The first time we meet them they are about to entertain a new biology instructor who, at twenty-eight, has just been introduced to the academic rat race. The new instructor is a rather ordinary fellow with a forever effaced wife. We learn that he married her for her money and because of what turned out to be "hysterical pregnancy." The truth is she is afraid of bearing a child though she wants one. Her husband treats her with conventional regard (a sort of reflexive tenderness) while he contemplates widespread adultery for gratification and advancement in college circles. George scorns his young colleague for being "functional" in his behavior, his ambition, his attitudes.

So it goes: we are in the midst of inanity, jokes and insidious mayhem. Martha rationalizes her cruelty to George on the ground that he masochistically enjoys her beatings.

Everyone is fundamentally impotent, despite persistent "sexualizing." The younger wife is constantly throwing up through gutless fear. Her lightheadedness is a flight from reality. The older couple has invented a son because of an unaccountable sterility. They quarrel over the nature of the imaginary son because each of them pictures him as a foil against the other. There is

P.M.S. Blackett

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also a hint that as a boy George at different times accidentally killed both his father and mother. Is this so? Illusion is real; "reality" may only be symbolic —either a wish or a specter of anxiety. It does not matter: these people, the author implies, represent our environment; indeed they may even represent Western civilization!

The inferno is made very funny. The audience at any rate laughs long and loud—partly because the writing is sharp with surprise, partly because an element of recognition is involved: in laughter it hides from itself while obliquely acknowledging its resemblance to the couples on the stage. When the play turns earnestly savage or pathetic the audience feels either shattered or embarrassed. Shattered because it can no longer evade the play's expression of the audience's afflictions, sins and guilts; embarrassed because there is something in the play—particularly toward the end—that is unbelievable, soft without cause. At its best, the play is comedy.

Albee is prodigiously shrewd and skillful. His dialogue is superbly virile and pliant; it also *sounds*. It is not "realistic" dialogue but a highly literate and full-bodied distillation of common American speech. Still better, Albee knows how to keep his audience almost continuously interested (despite the play's inordinate length). He can also ring changes on his theme, so that the play rarely seems static. Albee is a master craftsman.

STRANGELY enough, though there is no question of his sincerity, it is Albee's skill which at this point most troubles me. It is as if his already practiced hand had learned too soon to make an artful package of venom. For the overriding passion of the play is venomous. There is no reason why anger should not be dramatized. I do not object to Albee's being "morbid," for as the conspicuously healthy William James once said, "morbid-mindedness ranges over a wider scale of experience than healthy-mindedness." What I do object to in his play is that its disease has become something of a brilliant formula, as slick and automatic as a happy entertainment for the trade. The right to pessimism has to be earned within the artistic terms one sets up; the pessimism and rage of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* are immature. Immaturity coupled with a commanding deftness is dangerous.

What justifies this criticism? The characters have no life (or texture) apart from the immediate virulence of their confined action or speech. George is intended to represent the humanist principle in the play. But what does he concretely want? What traits, aside from his cursing the life he leads, does he have? Almost none. Martha and George, we are told, love each other after all. How? That she can't bear being loved is a psychological aside in the play, but how is her love for anything, except for her "father fixation," and some sexual dependence on George, actually embodied? What interests—even petty—do they have or share? Vividly as each personage is drawn, they all nevertheless remain flat—caricatures rather than people. Each stroke of dazzling color is superimposed on another, but no further substance accumulates. We do not actually identify with anyone except editorially. Even the non-naturalistic figures of Beckett's plays have more extension and therefore more stature and meaning. The characters in Albee's *The Zoo Story* and *Bessie Smith* are more particularized.

If we see Albee, as I do, as an emerging artist, young in the sense of a seriously prolonged career, the play marks an auspicious beginning and, despite its success, not an end. In our depleted theatre it has real importance because Albee desperately wishes to cry out—manifest—his life. The end of his play —which seeks to introduce "hope" by suggesting that if his people should rid themselves of illusion (more exactly, falsity) they might achieve ripeness—is unconvincing in view of what has preceded it. Still, this ending is a gesture, one that indicates Albee's will to break through the agonizing narrowness of the play's compass.

Albee knows all he needs to know about play-making; he has still to learn something other than rejection and more than tearfulness. His play should be seen by everyone interested in our world at home, for as Albee's George says, "I can admire things I don't admire."

THE PRODUCTION—under Alan Schneider's painstaking direction—is excellent, as is the cast. Uta Hagen, with her robust and sensuously potent *élan*, her fierce will to expression and histrionic facility, gives as Martha her most vital performance since her appearance as Blanche in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. She is an actress who should always be before us. George Grizzard is perfect in conveying the normal amusements and jitters of the mediocre man. Melinda Dillon as his debilitated spouse is appallingly as well as hilariously effective, and though I have some difficulty in accepting Arthur Hill, in the role of Martha's husband, as a tortured and malicious personality he does very well with a taxing part.

A final note: though I believe the play to be a minor work within the prospect of Albee's further development, it must for some time occupy a major position in our scene. It will therefore be done many times in different productions in many places, including Europe. Though I do not know how it is to be effected, I feel that a less naturalistic production might be envisaged. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* verges on a certain expressionism, and a production with a touch of that sort of poetry, something not so furiously insistent on the "honesty" of the materials, might give the play some of the qualities I feel it now lacks; it might alleviate the impression of, in the author's pithy phrase, "an ugly talent."

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

FROM TIME TO TIME I have discussed in this column the nearly total disengagement of public concert life from serious contemporary intellectual and artistic concerns. This is evident not only in the outright neglect of significant new music, but in the general absence of reasonable standards for the intelligent performance and programing of music from any period. In fact, the only basis, apart from pure entertainment or commercialism, on which the present American musical establishment (and the European case is different only superficially) has been able to justify and direct its activity has been to assume the value of the activity for its own sake—to equate the mere presence of "serious" music on concert programs with a real seriousness of purpose and accomplishment.

This tendency was brought to the most explicit and ambitious crystallization it has yet had by the inauguration of Philharmonic Hall. To begin with, the hall itself is, practically speaking, a replica of traditional halls (Carnegie, for example), with exterior and decorative "modern" touches, but without any particular accommodation to the special needs of contemporary music performance. Since Carnegie Hall (which was far more "contemporary" at its inaugu-

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ration, in that it provided ideal acoustic and spatial conditions for the advanced music of that time) still remains, Philharmonic will evidently be assured of attracting the big box-office events of coming seasons by its superior glamour. Primarily this means its "newness," for the acoustics are considerably less good and the rent much higher.

THIS conventionality of structure, design and, presumably, function, is also reflected in the statements of underlying aims and purposes made by the directors of Lincoln Center. Predictably, most of these statements have stressed the sheer magnitude of the project, and the vastness of the activity it is supposed to encompass. Behind these generalizations, I have been unable to discover a single specific enumeration of intentions or responsibilities, or any other indication of the presence of guiding principles. The closest one can get to anything of the kind is by ferreting out the implications of a statement like that of John D. Rockefeller, 3rd, which emphasizes the "seven years filled with thousands of hours of planning and action," and the "enormously complex task of bringing Lincoln Center to the point of fruition [which] has been the self-imposed responsibility of devoted men and women from all segments of our society." His reliance on numbers and "authority" is also revealed in the assertion that "Lincoln Center exists because leaders in the arts, education, business, labor, the professions, philanthropy and government believe that the arts are a true measure of civilization."

It may be understandable that a businessman, even when acting as a spokesman for a project of this kind, should suggest that Lincoln Center's main purpose is not to further the development of a vigorous artistic community, or to engender the growth of higher standards for both performers and audiences, but rather to offer principally that "art" which satisfies the respectable elements of our society. The same basic attitude, however, is reflected in the "Appreciation" by William Schuman, in which the real challenges of the contemporary artistic situation are evaded in favor of a fictitious "challenge of a great audience, [which] holds the performer's highest reward." Mr. Schuman (who is a composer and must know better) goes on to say that "Lincoln Center asks of an audience that it seek more than entertainment," but only after he has already made clear that neither Lincoln Center nor the audience need feel any urgent responsibilities, beyond their "natural" inclinations, in this direction.

Rites

And the Collectors make the rounds
Continually. What a perpetual payment
Of old fingernails, hair, skin parings:
The detritus of life, not to be grudged.
But what else they take from me
Minute by minute — heart's ease,
Zeal of success. . . .
Should I be judged,
Can I demand payment for this life
That they take from me continually?

Harvey Shapiro

Perhaps it is unfair to judge Philharmonic Hall and Lincoln Center on the basis of statements made under the pressures of fund-raising and amid an atmosphere more suitable to a benevolent association. But an even more impressive demonstration of the quality of thought that has gone into the planning of the Center, and of the present condition of American performance institutions in general, was provided by the programs and performances of the opening-week "festival." Preparation for the week's programs seems to have been devoted mostly to the devising of two main "gimmicks": the participation of several of the country's most prestigious organizations, and the inclusion on each program of at least one "contemporary" work (and/or an American one). Beyond this, the programs that resulted have revealed no consistency or standard. In any other country (except, of course, the Soviet Union) it would be unthinkable to dedicate a modern musical monument in a modern cultural capital without including, during a week-long festival, a single work by Schönberg, Webern or Berg, or any but a single chamber work by Bartók, or, of Stravinsky, only *Le Sacre* again (now nearing its fiftieth birthday) and a student-orchestra performance of the little Divertimento from the *Baiser de la Fée*—while devoting an evening to an insignificant opera by an unoriginal imitator of Debussy and Stravinsky (De-Falla's *Atlantida*), and including elsewhere long but unimportant works by Vaughan Williams and Rachmaninoff.

The disappointments of the "American" programing—which, since this was specifically an American celebration, can properly be considered as a separate category—were equally predictable. Except for the commissioned work by Aaron Copland, and the String Quartet No. 2 by Elliott Carter, performed on the Juilliard Quartet concert, the works presented were mostly of the kind with which our orchestras are accustomed to make American music seem laughably backward in the rest of the world. The existence of some really remarkable American orchestral music, such as the Carter Variations, the Wolpe Symphony or the Sessions Divertimento, none of which has ever been performed in New York, would seem to have offered an unparalleled opportunity for Lincoln Center to lend its great prestige to the cause of presenting, for once, American composition in all its aspects. This could include the all too familiar facile, if need be, but also the complex, difficult and serious.

The one real surprise of the festival was that the timidity of the contemporary-music programing was actually surpassed by that which governed the selection of older works. Bernstein's

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inaugural program was obviously not intended as a serious concert (except for the première of the Copland *Connotations for Orchestra*), but rather as a demonstration of the hall's capacities with regard to constantly maintained maximum volume; aside from that, I still find the list a little hard to believe. The Boston Symphony (under a new conductor, to be sure) played the *Eroica* Symphony and *Till Eulenspiegel*, the Philadelphia Orchestra performed Ravel's two *Daphnis and Chloe* Suites, and the Cleveland Orchestra did the Schubert C Major Symphony and Brahms's Violin Concerto. Only the second Philharmonic program showed any initiative; but even here, the one novel aspect was the transplanting of three chamber-orchestra standbys into the framework of a "big" orchestra concert.

THE DIRECT juxtaposition of chamber and orchestral concerts within the same series revealed how much higher the musical, technical and ensemble standards of chamber groups has come to be than those of large ensembles. The most striking evidence of this superiority was in the performances of Beethoven works by the Philharmonic and the Juilliard Quartet. Leonard Bernstein conducted the Gloria movement from the Missa Solemnis (on opening night), and the Overture "Consecration of the House" (at the first subscription concert), while the Juilliard played the E minor Quartet, op. 59, No. 2 on their concert. In some respects, particularly in the prevailing choice of unusually fast tempos, the performances appeared superficially similar. But the correctness of tempo cannot be determined either by traditional practice, or by actual "fastness" or "slowness"; it can be judged only by its relevance to the formal proportions of the whole work. Thus the tendency of many contemporary performers to play older works faster than has been the tradition may arise from the familiarity and absorption into later music of traditional formal assumptions and vocabulary, which can thus be perceived more quickly now than when they were first composed.

Again, since instrumental techniques are always developing, a passage may be, in essential respects, perceptually identical to the originally specified tempo when played considerably faster by today's superior performers. This is not to say that slow, careful tempos cannot still produce first-rate performances—witness Klemperer's readings of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Brahms. The point is that where traditional music is concerned absolute tempo is as much a fiction as absolute pitch (but in contemporary music both seem to have become increasingly narrower in their allowable margin of deviation, and perhaps admit of none at all in electronic music). Deviations from both are objectionable only when they are extreme enough to alter the salient characteristics of a piece: in the realm of pitch, when registral or timbral characteristics begin to be affected (as, for example, if the open string of a violin is tuned so low that it no longer can "speak" properly), and in the realm of tempo, where instruments are carried beyond their physical abilities to articulate, where durations are so compressed that they cannot be discriminated as individual events, or so elongated that they cannot be perceived in a rhythmic relation.

On such terms, the Juilliard performance of the E minor quartet was one of the most brilliant and precise I have heard. I was particularly impressed by the subtlety of their weighting of each detail according to its relation to the hierarchy of elements, and of their delineation of the intervallic and harmonic relationships, first stated within and between the two opening phrases, whose formal possibilities the quartet explores.

By contrast, the Bernstein performances seemed indeed much too fast, since the performers were individually and collectively unable to articulate at the required speed. I have previously noted the many deficiencies in the Philharmonic's instrumental and ensemble technique, but the lapses in intonation and attack seem to have increased to the point of absurdity. The principal failure of the tempo conception (in the "Consecration" performance) was the absence of any clear relationship of the sectional tempos to the over-all formal characteristics of the work. In the long introduction to the main fugal Allegro, the phrases were over-differentiated and fragmented so that the very concentrated connective thread was continually lost amid erratic and irrelevantly emphasized details. As a result, the fugue itself, played at a tempo that left the entire orchestra progressively behind, seemed almost a separate piece, in the absence of any aural projection of its developments and resolutions of the introductory material.

This disparity in the care and thought expended on performance between string quartets and orchestras explains, at least in part, why twentieth-century composers (with the one exception of Stravinsky) have written more widely and significantly for string quartet than for orchestra. Cause and effect are here reciprocal, and the difference in vitality and discipline thus becomes more and more marked as time goes on. And insofar as Philharmonic Hall is concerned, the prevailing deadness of the orchestral attitudes exhibited there served to emphasize such issues, and they became embarrassingly prominent in the absence of any counterbalance of real idea.

NO contemporary comment on Lincoln Center could surpass the aptness of Mendelssohn's description of those builders of musical monuments who "speculate with great names in order to give themselves great names, [and] do a deal of trumpeting in the newspapers, and treat us to ever so much bad music with real trumpets. If they wish to honor Handel in Halle, Mozart in Salzburg, and Beethoven in Bonn by founding good orchestras and performing their works properly, I am their man. But I do not care for their stones and blocks as long as their orchestras are only stumbling-blocks, nor for their conservatories in which there is nothing worth conserving."

A second article on Lincoln Center will be devoted to the commissioning program and the new works thus far performed.

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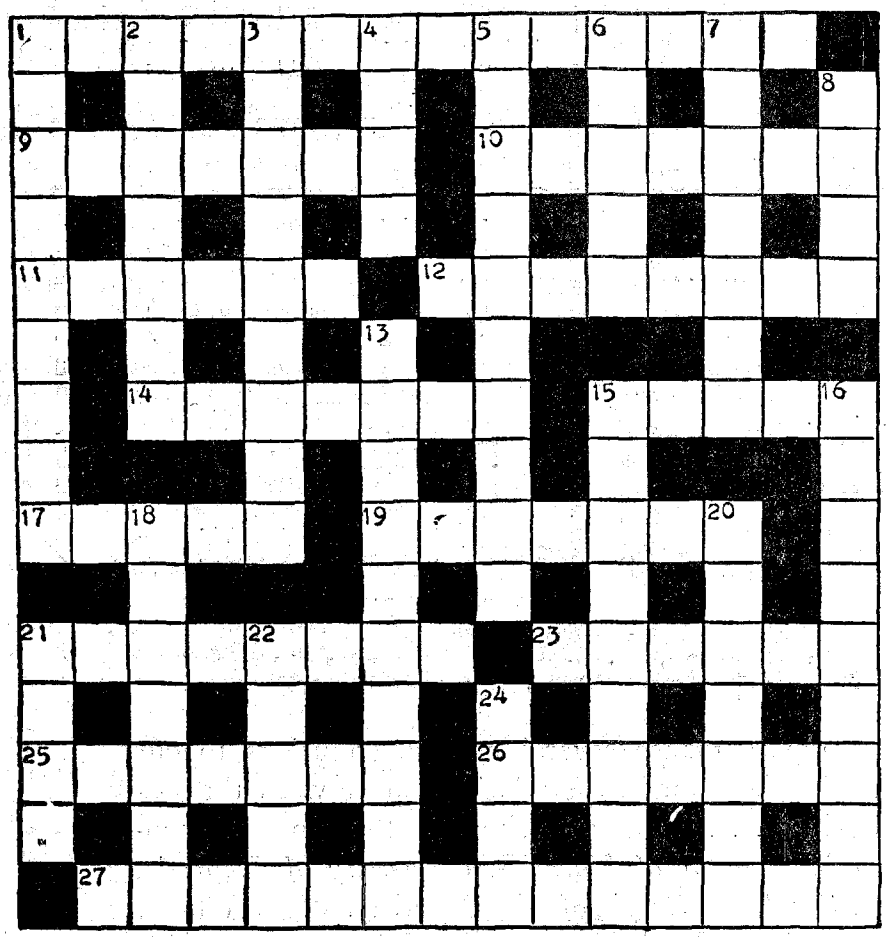
Crossword Puzzle No. 982

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 At dinner, might involve toast—or sesame? (They might properly be addressed to Richard.) (7, 7)
9 A line to form in high spirits? (7)
10 The foundation of bill-paying? (7)
11 Was Mrs. Siddons' muse? (6)
12 Jammed in tight when the devil performed. (8)
14 Has a poor intern a less obvious way to get on with it? (7)
15 When it comes to clear soup mixture, this proves it can be beat. (5)
19 Suitable dress material for those who arrive in state? (7)
21 How can such damaged material be more expensive? (6, 2)
25 Set about to murder someone? Pan, possibly. (7)
26 Permanently sunken state. (7)
27, 17 and 23 There seems to be some question about the language used by women who are perhaps angry with the service. (4, 3, 3, 4, 5, 6)

DOWN:

1 Revolt that might secure at least one more base. (9)
2 Issue of a manatee in its wild state?
3 Admits to secret knowledge, perhaps. (9)
4 This, Buster, might be a G-man! (4)
5 Just like a woman—that's the main trouble in a worn-out environment! (10)
6 Hail and farewell! (5)
7 Just the sort of trinket to be made by a needle-woman. (7)
13 Get the Okeh? One who throws the football just about has to! (4, 6)
15 Miss Doolittle is confused in following the lead of so much that is French, which is to hold out only half-promises. (9)
16 One is probably more than upright, though the description seems a little big. (4, 5)
18 Gloss over. (7)
20 One kind of saw sloppy work round one place! (7)
21 and 8 The bulk of something brought to maturity—by application of rubber? (8)
22 Part of the clatter implies a certain amount of success. (5)
24 Don't eat so quickly! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 981

ACROSS: 1 and 6 Continued story; 9 Opiates; 10 Chateau; 11 She; 12, 13 and 23 Not by a long shot; 15 Specials; 16 Gusset; 18 Noting; 20 Backdoor; 24 Borneo; 25 and 27 down Eftsoon; 28 Hot dogs; 29 Coroner; 30 Loran; 31 Press card. DOWN: 1 Chops; 2 Naïvete; 3 Intentions; 4 Unsettle; 5 Decays; 6 Scar; 7 Onerous; 8 Youngster; 14 Buckboards; 15 Seneschal; 17 Barnacle; 19 Trotter; 21 Oceania; 22 Toss-up; 26 Tired.

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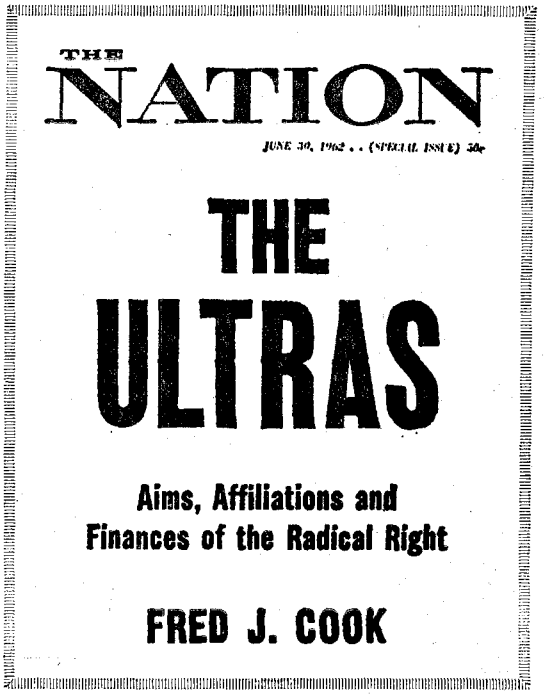

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